HARPER'S WEEKLY.

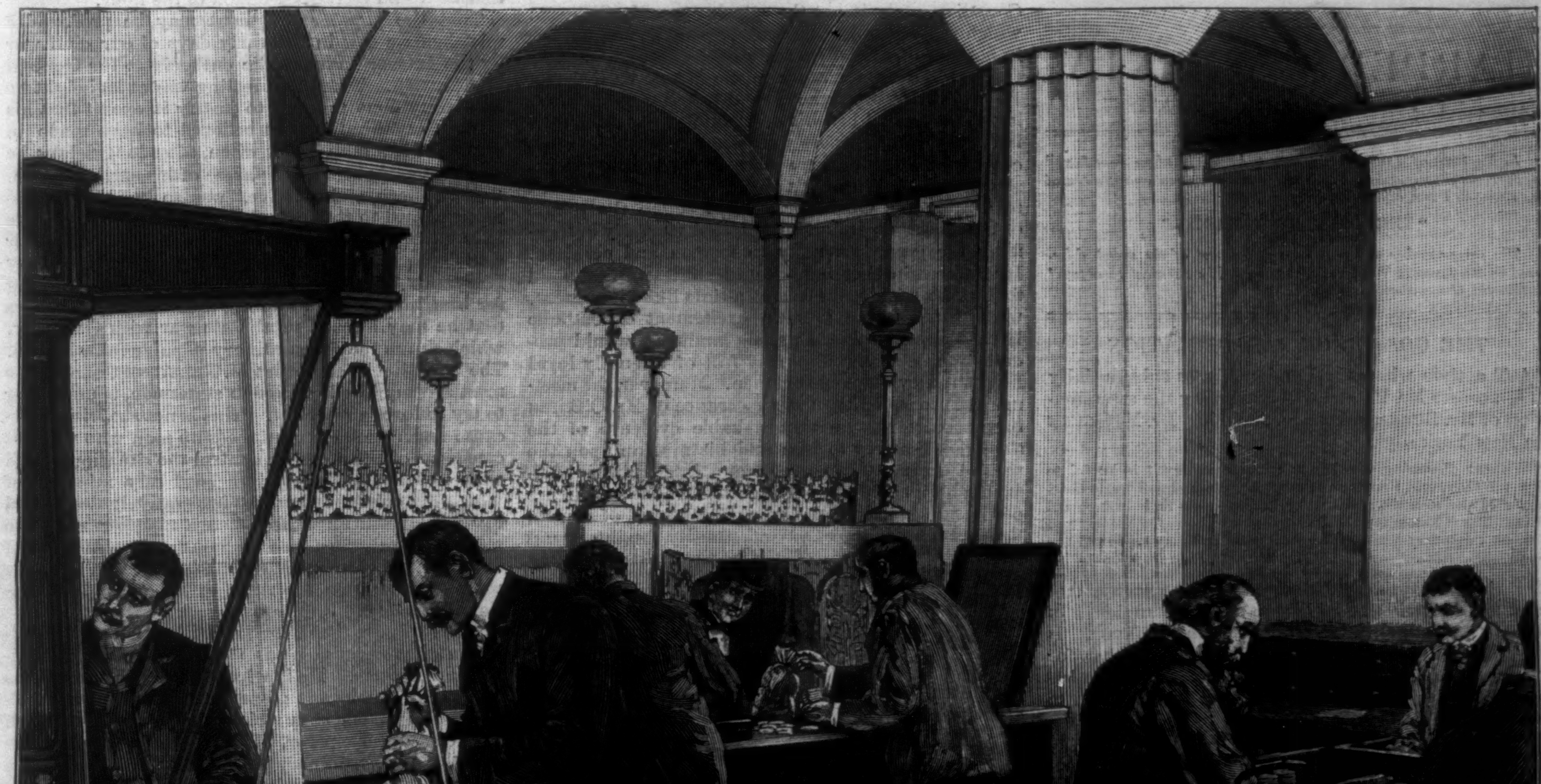
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXXI.—No. 1589.

Copyright, 1887, by Harper & Brothers.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1887.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
$4.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



REDEEMING TRADE DOLLARS IN THE NEW YORK SUB-TREASURY.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 410.]

"It is a perfect mine of amusement, instruction, and entertainment."—*Boston Courier.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

An Illustrated Weekly.

A very attractive feature of this young people's magazine last year was the articles on out-door sports and pastimes. They were for the most part written by persons who had distinguished themselves (or at least had great experience) in the sports about which they wrote. Similarly, during the present vacation, a number of articles will be published which will have a distinctly practical character, as well as the added charm of a pleasant and correct style.

In the present number is given an account of the newly invented game of "Ringoal," with rules for playing it. This will be followed by an article on "Athletic Training for Boys," by W. J. Henderson, *who will also contribute, later, articles on Swimming and on Base-ball.*

"Bicycling in Strange Lands" is the title of four articles by Thomas Stevens, *the famous author of "Around the World on a Bicycle."* Mr. Stevens *will also have a "Bicycle Chat" of a practical nature with our readers.*

"Tricycling for Girls" will be written by a lady who has ridden eight thousand miles on the three-wheeled vehicle.

Other notable articles will be—"Lawn-Tennis, by James Dwight; *"Buying a Boat," by* John Habberton; *"Canoeing," by* Kirk Munroe, *Commodore of the New York Canoe Club, and author of "The Flamingo Feather," etc.; "The Young Trappers," by the same author. Other articles of a similar character are being arranged for.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, June 4, 1887.

In No. 1590 of Harper's Weekly, *to be published on June 8, will appear the first instalment of a serial story written and illustrated by* Howard Pyle, *and entitled*

"THE ROSE OF PARADISE."

The same number will contain a full report of the speech delivered by Mr. George William Curtis *on "The Political Situation" before the Commonwealth Club.*

THE GOSPEL OF ASSASSINATION.

At a time when the London *Times* substantially accuses Mr. Parnell of approving the assassination of Mr. Burke in Dublin, and when Dr. McGlynn in New York says,

> "Without discussing whether in moral casuistry it is lawful to kill the Czar, still I must acknowledge the grand and noble character of the men who think it their duty to do their best to kill him. These heroic men feel that they are doing the noblest and holiest thing they could do for their country in trying to kill the Czar,"

it is time to consider whether a doctrine so repugnant as assassination to English and American ideas of liberty and of politics is really growing in favor. It would hardly seem to be so in England, at least, for the very object of the *Times's* publication of the letter, which we do not doubt to be a forgery, was to blacken Mr. Parnell's character as a man and to destroy him as a political leader. This, however, would be impossible if the least countenance of assassination as a political weapon were tolerable to the mind of the English people. In this country the applause that greeted Dr. McGlynn's speech, we venture to say, did not proceed from Americans. It was the same kind of applause which greets Most's diatribes. Dr. McGlynn, however, made distinctions and explanations. He said:

> "Killing for political purposes is to be considered as something totally different from the crime of murder. I want it very distinctly understood—and I hope my friends of the press will do me the kindness to make it very clear—that I don't stand here—it isn't worth my while—to justify the assassination of the Czar. It is not my business. However, I might as well confess to you that if I should happen to read in to-morrow's papers that the Czar had been killed, I wouldn't put any crape on my hat."

But how is killing for political purposes totally different from murder? Guiteau, by his own confession, killed President Garfield for political purposes. But it was one of the cruelest murders possible. How is a man who says that in his judgment it is proper to kill a tyrant, or a man who, as the killer thinks, does wrong to a thousand or a million people, different from a man who says that in his judgment it is proper to kill a man who, as he thinks, does wrong to two or twenty people? Why is killing for political purposes to be considered to be less murder than killing for humane purposes? If a man may properly decide for himself whom to kill, he may do it in one case as well as in another, and he may do it whenever in his judgment the case has arisen. It was the clear perception of this truth which led to the remark of Massimo D'Azeglio that "nothing can excuse assassination, because it is an act of treachery in execution of a sentence pronounced without trial by an incompetent tribunal." Deliberately to justify political assassination without qualification or restriction or explanation is to invite anarchy, because it invites men to judge for themselves when and for what they shall kill other men; and if we agree that by common consent our lives shall be at the disposal of other men when they feel that they are doing a noble thing in murdering us, one of the cardinal conditions of civilized society, that human life, if taken at all, shall be taken only after the most searching and impartial trial, and only with the highest authority and solemn execution of the state, disappears.

Mr. Parnell, it is said in a late letter from London, fears that he may be poisoned, and is inclined to think that his health has already suffered from such an attempt. But, according to the new gospel of assassination, why not? If killing for political purposes be totally different from murder, and heroic men are to be commended when they think it a noble and good thing to kill one whom they hold to be a political wrong-doer, why should not the principle be enforced against Mr. Parnell? And if it be grand and heroic to kill a political opponent whom you think worthy of death for his misdeeds, how entirely proper it must be to throw brickbats at his head when he is trying to poison the public mind with doctrines that you do not approve, as in the case of Mr. O'Brien in Canada! The argument against assassination is that it makes civilized society impossible. To allow that every man may decide for himself when other men ought to be put to death is to renounce all the principles upon which society has advanced from barbarism.

THE CANADIAN MOBS.

The most striking fact in the accounts of the late Canadian mobs is not the attack upon Mr. O'Brien, which was virtually announced and expected, but the impotence of the police and of the authorities. Mr. O'Brien's sarcastic reply to the Mayor or Chief of Police in Kingston, who offered to bring up the artillery, that he had lost his opportunity, was well merited. The disturbances were disgraceful to the cities concerned, but they were more disgraceful to the authorities. Mr. O'Brien's object was known. It was to arraign the Governor-General before the people of Canada as an inhuman landlord virtually authorizing the greatest cruelty to women and children. It was certain that impassioned stories of that kind told to the Irish in Canada at a time like the present, when there is the greatest excitement of Catholic Irish feeling against English landlords, would produce trouble in a community full of intensely loyal English and violent Orangemen. Moreover, the meeting at Toronto before the appearance of Mr. O'Brien in that city was an unmistakable evidence of the strongest hostility to him and his mission upon the part of the most respectable and intelligent inhabitants, and it could not fail to encourage the turbulence of the ignorant and disorderly, although, of course, that was not its object. Undoubtedly the intelligent citizens of Toronto had the same right to protest against Mr. O'Brien's course that he had to pursue it.

The Mayor of Toronto so far understood the situation that he promised to protect Mr. O'Brien if he should come. The defence of the fundamental right of free institutions, that of free speech, was committed to the Mayor. It was his duty to make such ample provision, and to make it known that he had made it, that any serious attempt at rioting would be abandoned. But the disturbance that was to be expected occurred. Mr. O'Brien was assailed in the streets by a mob, and it was by the merest chance that he was not killed. So far as appears in the reports, there was no serious effort upon the part of the authorities to keep order or to subdue the mob. At Kingston the situation was substantially the same. While Mr. O'Brien was speaking a hostile mob surrounded the hall, shouting and threatening. There was ample time to summon an armed force, as the police was unquestionably too feeble to cope with the rioters. It was not a matter which concerned Mr. O'Brien so much as liberty and orderly government and the honor of the Canadian community. But apparently nothing was done. Certainly nothing adequate to the emergency was done, and Mr. O'Brien issued from the hall only to be murderously attacked, and again he escaped with his life by chance, and not by the assistance of the authorities.

They had, indeed, no sympathy with him or his purpose. But that fact is irrelevant. His purpose was to speak in a perfectly lawful manner, and the duty of the authorities was to protect him; not because he was O'Brien, but because of the fundamental right of every freeman lawfully to speak his mind in a free community. The failure to protect a man under such circumstances always recoils upon those who fail. The murder of Lovejoy at Alton fifty years ago was a more powerful argument for the antislavery cause in this country at that time than all the articles that he could have published in his paper or all the speeches of his fellow-abolitionists. The Chatham Street Chapel and Tabernacle mobs in New York, virtually incited and justified by the press of the city, touched the public conscience more deeply than the meetings would have done. And the Canadian mobs, with which the authorities apparently sympathized, have given to Mr. O'Brien's enterprise an importance which otherwise it would have lacked. If he had been allowed to assail the Governor-General as violently as he chose, and without interruption or disturbance, the effect of his crusade would have been insignificant compared with what it will now be. When he was assailed by the mob, the very order and respectability which was represented at the Toronto meeting of citizens was really assailed, and the Canadian mobs, not Mr. O'Brien, have smirched the British name.

BOULANGER.

General Boulanger has suddenly acquired a prominence and importance in France which is inexplicable to foreign observers except upon the theory that he is regarded as the representative of the undying French hostility to Germany. He is a soldier and Minister of War, and he has been diligently organizing the army as if a highly organized French army were very desirable for some purpose, while the statue of Strasbourg draped in constant mourning plainly suggests what the purpose is popularly felt to be. When the last ministry fell, and M. Goblet formed a new ministry, General Boulanger was retained. Now that M. Goblet's ministry has fallen, petitions arrive from every part of France that General Boulanger shall still remain at the Ministry of War, and the revolutionary press threatens that if he be removed there will be trouble. General Boulanger is evidently the most important man in France. It is not, indeed, clear whether he is regarded as a charlatan or as an able man, but it is agreed that in the event of war he would lead the army, and in case of victory that he would be the Napoleon of the hour.

That the popular judgment may be profoundly mistaken we saw in the early days of our civil war by the extraordinary public enthusiasm for General McClellan. When that feeling was at its height he had really done nothing to justify it except that his skill in organization was believed to have made an army out of a mob. But when, after long delays, he moved it as an army, the phrase of his earlier speech, "short, sharp, and decisive," was so ludicrously disproportioned to the facts that the general confidence fell almost as suddenly as it had risen. The popular confidence in Boulanger makes him even now a new Napoleon, but he has yet to be tried. The feeling for him, however, is so strong that one observer says that he may himself precipitate war with Germany, which shows the extraordinary popular faith in him. The situation is such that M. Freycinet, one of the most accomplished of French statesmen, is unwilling to try to form a ministry. This is not surprising, because under such circumstances no man who was not conscious of the power to control the situation would wish to become the nominal head of a ministry of which the chief member was imperatively designated by popular sentiment, for such a member would be practically supreme. The demonstrations in favor of Boulanger come from the German frontier, from the students, and from the more turbulent and revolutionary leaders.

He is a figure that Germany will watch with peculiar interest because he is the embodiment of anti-German France. He is what the French themselves would call a constant menace, and the feverish feeling in France is a sign which cannot be disregarded. The German Emperor, Chancellor, and General-in-Chief, the extraordinary triumvirate which has made the empire and dismembered France, are all old, two of them very old. The present situation could not outlast this triumvirate, and the death of either one might easily lead immediately to war. Probably nobody supposes that France will acquiesce permanently in the present situation, and the consequent possibility is in itself a constant disturbance. Indeed, the general European condition is not reassuring. In Russia there is an inflexible despotism which in this day is but suppressed civil war. Germany is watching France, France is making ready to attack Germany, England is engrossed with hostile Ireland, and the Danubian principalities are in a state of abeyance. Italy is tranquil, but would be drawn necessarily into a general European trouble, while Spain, in slow decay, is sequestered by situation from the rest of Europe. In this position of affairs General Boulanger is a person to be carefully observed.

THE LATE COLLISION AT SEA.

The collision of the *Britannic* and the *Celtic* was a very serious event, not only because of the terrible peril in which it placed hundreds of lives, but as a warning. The first general feeling, after the sense of relief, was probably surprise that such collisions are not oftener reported, because there are unquestionably great risks needlessly taken in running ocean steamers. The competition between them is great. The rivalry in speed is unceasing, and the impatience of passengers to make a rapid voyage is undeniable. The same spirit naturally possesses the ship's officers and company, and the irresistible temptation is to press every steamer to the utmost. Every one is cognizant of extraordinary escapes in his own experience or in that of friends. But who would go by a "slow coach"? And how small the chance of collision upon the limitless ocean!

This feeling is sobered by such an incident as the late collision. The early summer fogs are very annoying, and they occur at the very season when the outward-bound steamers are most thronged. It is the season also of icebergs, and therefore it is a time when especial prudence is essential. There is nothing so absolutely blinding as a dense fog, and it singularly dulls and confuses sounds, so that the steam signals may be easily deceptive. On the Banks and along certain parts of the coast fogs are very persistent, and knowing that his own caution will not necessarily be shared by others, and that he can stand a shock as well as any, there is a disposition upon the part of the ship's master to run for luck and trust to the chapter of chances. The two ships lately in collision were apparently going at good speed when they became aware that they were near each other. The first duty under such circumstances would seem to be to hold up until at least the signals were heard no longer. But apparently at the instant of collision the ships were managed as if there were no serious danger of any kind. It is, however, very hard to ascertain the actual facts under such circumstances, because in the excitement accurate observation is improbable, and because each side naturally thinks the other side at fault.

The possible frightful catastrophe was averted, not by the care of the ships, but by their structure. Except for the stanch compartments of both vessels, and the happy accident of not striking the central compartment, which holds the engine, both steamers would have filled and sunk, with a fearful loss of life. There is naturally, also, great diversity of statement in regard to the course of the vessels. It appears that the steamers of the White Star line are under the strictest injunctions from the company to take no risk whatever involving human life. They are also directed to follow certain "lines" of navigation in their outward and inward voyages. It is an interesting question whether the investigation, which we presume will take place, will show whether each vessel was adhering to its proper lines, and whether the lines are so far severed that even in the bewilderment of a fog it could not get far enough astray to be actually upon the lines of the other. These are all questions that can be answered satisfactorily only upon an accurate knowledge of the facts. The loss of life by the collision was happily not large, but it was unpardonable if every possible precaution was not observed from the moment the vessels entered the fog. There are too many stories told of the driving of ocean steamers by night at the utmost speed, of hair-breadth escapes from icebergs, of a general taking the chances in the determination not to be a laggard, not to cause a very proper disquiet upon the part of passengers who prefer safety to speed in an ocean voyage.

STATE OWNERSHIP OF LAND.

Mr. Gaybert Barnes, the Secretary of the "Land and Labor" Central Committee, writes to us courteously that in his judgment "the assertion by Harper's Weekly that State ownership of land is one of the purposes of the United Labor Party of New York is not supported by the facts." Its purpose, he says, is to modify by legal methods the present terms by which land is held; and we certainly agree with Mr. Barnes that the rightfulness of an agitation to that end cannot be denied.

In the call for the State Convention of the United Labor Party, to be held at Syracuse on the 17th of August, the words are these:

> "We propose so to change the system of taxation that no one shall be taxed on the wealth he produces, nor any one suffered to appropriate wealth he does not produce by taking to himself the increasing values which growth of society adds to the land. What we propose is not the disturbing of any man in his holding or title, but by abolishing all taxes on industry or its products to leave the producer the full fruits of his exertion, and by the taxation of land values, exclusive of improvements, to devote to common uses those values which, arising, not from the exertion of the individual, but from the growth of society, belong justly to the community as a whole. This increased taxation of land, not according to its area, but according to its value, must, while relieving the working farmer and small homestead owner of the undue burdens now imposed upon them, make it unprofitable to hold land for speculation, and thus throw open abundant opportunities for the employment of labor and the building up of homes."

This is held by the Labor Party, as we understand, to be but a change in the method of exercising the power of taxation. But when taxation upon any kind of property amounts to confiscation by the State, the State becomes practically the owner. The professed object of such taxation is to dispossess owners of land who are supposed to hold more than they need, or can properly use. This object may or may not be desirable, but the procedure to accomplish it plainly results in State ownership of land.

REPUBLICANISM IN NEW YORK.

In the political game of the session between Governor Hill and the Republican Senate, in which the stakes were the welfare of the Republican party in New York, the Governor often won. The nominations made by him to fill offices the legal term of which had expired long ago, and which were therefore vacant, were, by common consent, admirable. They were not only admirable, but they were divided equally between the two parties. There was no good reason in law or custom or politics why they should not be promptly considered and determined by the Senate, and every public and party reason urged the Senate to that action. But upon deliberation in caucus the Republican majority of the Senate, by a vote of thirteen to seven, decided to "hang up" the nominations, and the Governor won the game.

He won it because his course was that of an Executive discharging his constitutional duty most effectively for the State. The Republican Senate lost it because, without even a decent pretext, it disregarded its constitutional duty to the public, in servile deference to the will of a party "boss." The only semblance of an argument that we have seen in any Republican party organ for the action of the Senate is the incredible suggestion that to confirm the Governor's nominations of Republicans to offices whose terms have expired would be to approve the Executive insinuation that the late incumbents were not worthy of re-appointment! This is new Republican doctrine. During the first nine months of President Arthur's administration the terms of 825 officers, all Republicans, expired. Of these the President reappointed 428, and did not reappoint 397. He dropped from the service nearly 50 per cent. of Republican officers in order to appoint others. But it is now, in the judgment of New York Republican Senators, a stigma upon Mr. Platt to replace him in an office, in which his lawful and rightful term expired three or four years ago, by the son of General Grant.

These are Republican politics in New York, like the Legislative course upon the Constitutional Convention Bill. This petty squabble with the Democratic Governor, and disregard of the plain duty of the Legislature to the public, is the kind of record upon which Republicans propose to appeal next year to intelligent and independent citizens to illustrate their superior regard for the public welfare as against "Democratic incapacity." Nothing shows more clearly than the proceedings of the late Legislature in this State the decline of the high spirit and the public purpose which were the distinction of the Republican party in its great days. The New York *Tribune*, Senator Hiscock, and other Republican journals and leaders deserted the party when they thought that it had degenerated into "Grantism." Others left when it was apparently lost in "Blaineism." But when it is identified with "Plattism"—

REFORM IN MISSOURI.

At the late meeting of the Missouri Civil Service Reform Association a letter was read from the Democratic Postmaster of St. Louis, which, in expressing his entire adherence to the principles of reform—an adherence which he has practically demonstrated—contains a clear and admirable statement of the value of the reformed system:

> "You ask for an expression of my own views as to the practical working of the civil service law. Originally a firm believer in that meritorious system as relating to the routine positions in the government, I have seen no reason to abandon the idea that, properly understood and carried out, it is a splendid reform. It is particularly applicable to a great machine like the postal service, and I would view with great dread a return to the old methods. While it is proper for the appointing power to surround himself in executive and responsible positions with those in accord with him politically or otherwise, the great body of public servants, on whom depends the continuous efficiency of the different departments, should be removed from the vicissitudes of party. This does not mean that persons in the civil service should be retained beyond the period of their usefulness, the maintenance of a civil pension list, or that in dispensing with the services of subordinates any reason satisfactory to the appointing power in the conscientious discharge of his duties should be held insufficient; but it does mean that public officers should apply to the people's business the same principle on which they transact their own affairs, and should have the same immunity from the solicitations of party managers that railroad officials, merchants, etc., have. The tests of merit in competitive civil service examinations are not in all respects the same as those applied by persons in commercial life, and I think some of the questions propounded at the examinations savor too much of the pedagogue; but I am sure there is no man of business who would not, before employing a clerk, be glad to have first such information relative to his qualifications as is offered by the civil service examination papers."

At the same meeting a letter was read from Mr. Blair, the Vice-President of the Board of Police Commissioners, which expressed similar sympathy and approval, and suggested the application of the reformed system to the police force. It is, we believe, true, without exception, that wherever the reformed system has been applied honestly, it has fully justified itself in practice to candid public officers of every party.

JEFFERSON DAVIS AT MERIDIAN.

The recent speech of Jefferson Davis at Meridian, in Mississippi, was remarkable for his apparent adhesion at last to "accomplished facts." He was greeted with the usual enthusiasm, and in his speech at the dinner he said that "the army and navy of the South" were composed of patriots who "bared their breasts to bullets in defending constitutional rights," and he recalled the scenes, familiar to all parts of the country during the civil war, of partings with brave sons, husbands, lovers, marching away to war.

The speech was short, and ended with these words:

> "But now these scenes and incidents have passed, and they only live in minds and history. United you are now, and if the Union is ever to be broken, let the other side break it. The army of the South will shine forever around the camp fires, and will still shine to our children and our children's children. The truths we fought for shall not encourage you to ever fight again; but keep your word in good or evil. God bless you all!"

From Jefferson Davis these are certainly remarkable words. Following those of Mr. Lamar at Charleston, they show how completely the war is passed, and that even its Confederate chief now relinquishes the useless contention. The "Southern question" really disappears from practical politics. There are great wrongs undoubtedly which still survive, but they are not remediable by national laws, and cannot therefore be made the basis of national parties until some party proposes a remedial policy. The Supreme Court, which cannot be supposed to sympathize with injustice toward the freedmen, declares that the remedy lies in the State or national courts, and Senator Sherman adds that if these fail, emigration alone remains.

But there are sagacious and intelligent colored leaders in the Southern States who hold that the course of events will develop political differences among the white citizens which will open a way to the free but divided vote of the colored citizens. Such leaders agree that Congress can do little to affect the situation, and that the States, like South Carolina, where the colored population, although in the majority, has not the intelligence or the power of leadership, must leave to time and the good influences of increasing mutual confidence the final adjustment of the relations of race. This result will be hastened by the disappearance of sectional animosity, and to that end no surrender of principle upon either side is necessary.

PERSONAL.

At the Prize Fund Exhibition in the American Art Galleries the following artists took gold medals by vote of the exhibitors: Mr. Robert Blum, Mr. William L. Dodge, Mr. Horatio Walker, Mr. George Maynard, Mr. Carlton Wiggins, Mr. J. Francis Murphy, Mr. F. D. Millet, Mr. J. S. Hartley, Mr. George Hitchcock, and Mr. D. W. Tryon.

—Mr. Edwin Booth's father used to advise actors in "character" parts to rely as little as possible upon "make-up," and as much as possible upon expression by the artistic control of the muscles of the face.

—Ex-Consul-General Van Buren, of Japan, brought with him to this country a piece of Japanese carving which shows extraordinary skill on the part of the carver, as well as thorough knowledge of anatomy. The design is the pursuit of an Aino, or Japanese aborigine, by a sea-monster, which is half lizard and half vampire. The terror of the man and his desperate efforts to escape are admirably brought out. The carver is Kam Yoshi, who is now nearly an octogenarian, and wellnigh blind. His work is famous in Japan.

—The young Emperor of China, in his recent journey to the western mausoleum, was much displeased at the condition of the roads. It is customary to freshly roll the roads, and allow no one to pass for several days before the Emperor is expected, but the monarch detected traces of horses, carts, and men in the road, and was greatly wroth. He instructed the Viceroy Li to look after this important matter in the future, and to punish severely any mandarin who failed to keep the roads inviolate.

—The writer of the article on "The Recent Movement in Southern Literature," in Harper's Magazine for May, has fallen into a common mistake in referring to Mrs. Margaret J. Preston as blind. The error probably arose from the fact that Mrs. Preston has overtaxed her eyes, and now does her literary work through an amanuensis; but she still retains her sight, and appears to be in no danger of losing it.

—Mr. Sol Smith Russell, the comedian, who has especially distinguished himself in Yankee "character" parts, is to leave the stage after one more season. He has already removed from Boston to Minneapolis, where he is going into trade, and is accompanied by his father-in-law, Mr. William T. Adams, who is known to boys as "Oliver Optic."

—The Massachusetts Historical Society has formulated a protest against the erection of a memorial to the persons killed in the "Boston massacre," as proposed by the Legislature, on the ground that these men were rioters, and invited their fate.

—Among the veterans of the Mexican war who celebrated the anniversary of Palo Alto at San Francisco recently was C. D. O'Kelly, who is eighty years old, and also a veteran of the Texan war of independence. He was a comrade of Sam Houston and Davy Crockett, and he bore the news of the fall of the Alamo to New Orleans.

—Lieutenant Dudley Mills, of the British army, in a recent expedition into Shan-Tung, China, discovered the sculptured stones near Chiasiang, which he was the first foreigner to visit. The inscriptions and figures are cut on the walls of tombs, and are mainly devoted to the illustration of moral precepts. They are said to be seventeen centuries old, and the first description of them was given by a Chinese scholar of the twelfth century.

—Bishop W. H. Hillery, of the African Methodist Church of Tennessee, is in San Francisco, engaged in raising funds for the education of the colored people of the South.

—By the will of the late Dr. George W. Frost a legacy of $60,000 was left to the S. R. Smith Infirmary, Staten Island, for the erection of a new building on some property given to the institution by Dr. Frost just before his death. A fête was held last week in aid of the same object, to which Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt contributed $5000.

—The latest of the "Celebrities at Home" series of the London *World* is devoted to Mr. George H. Boughton, A.R.A., and his domestic surroundings at West House, Campden Hill. The writer says that in his art Mr. Boughton is "distinctly an American under foreign influences," and adds that "he has given America the presentment of all her New England heroines, and he is the delineator *par excellence* of all that is picturesque, curious, and idyllic in the romance of the earliest phase in American history."

—"Long John" Wentworth, the noted Chicagoan, who is erecting a $20,000 monument for himself in Rosehill Cemetery, has decided to put no inscription on the stone. "Everybody will want to know who is buried there if they see no name," he says, "and my memory will thus be kept green by the curiosity of future generations."

—The King of Corea has become tired of the cares of royalty, and has sent a memorial to the Chinese government asking it to abolish the kingly office and substitute a Governor-Generalship in its stead. The noble families are constantly engaged in plots with Japanese and Chinese adventurers, and the King is said to be in fear of assassination. Besides this, the country is so poor that there is no profit in ruling it.

—Mr. E. H. Clement, editor of the Boston *Evening Transcript*, has been writing the libretto for a comic opera.

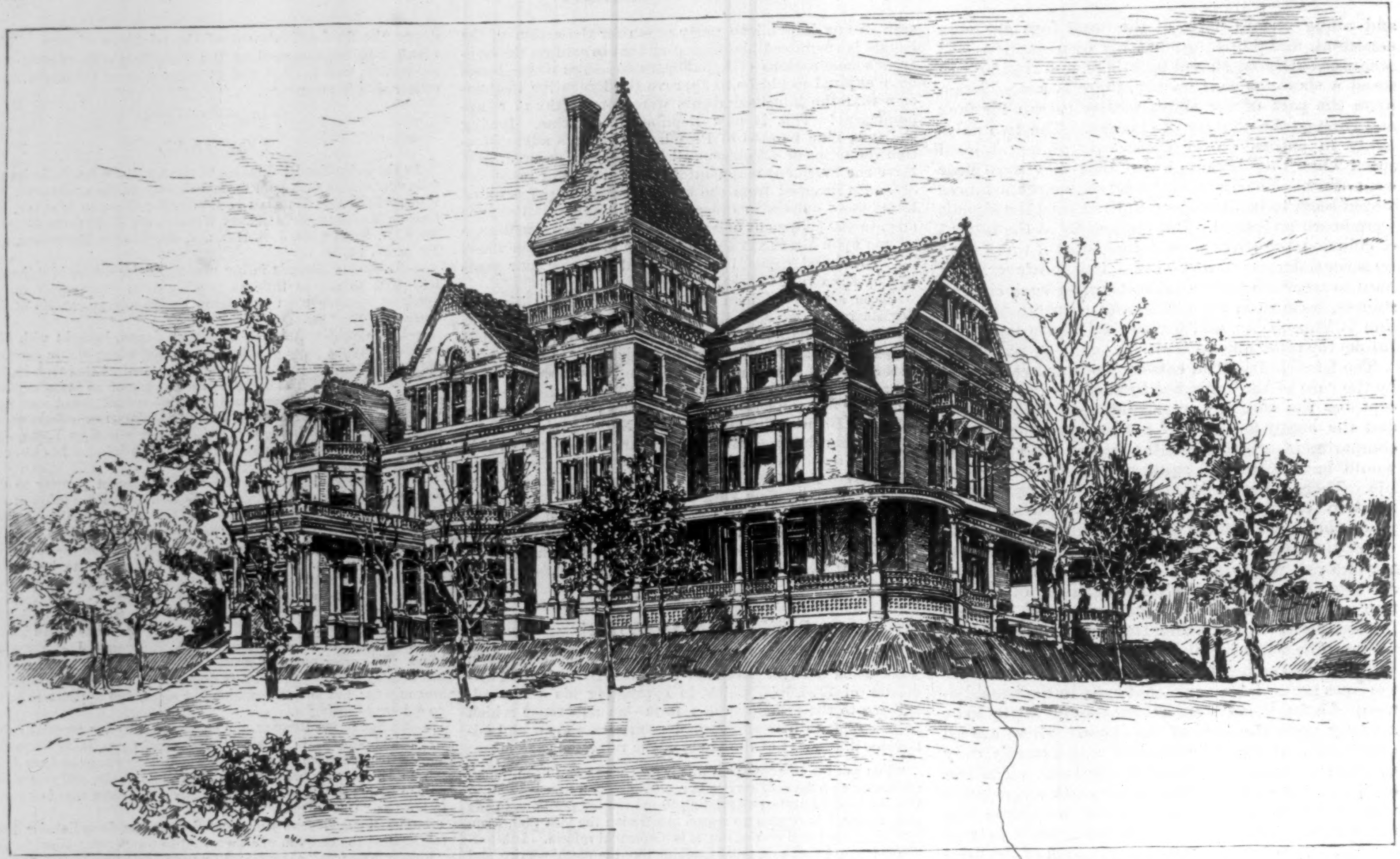
—An ex-Senator of the United States, sitting in a barber's chair, languidly expressed a wish that he could shave himself. "It would cost me only half the time and trouble," he explained. "Ah!" replied the barber, "I have shaved people for twenty years, but I never yet was able to shave myself."

—The King of the Tonga Islands dresses in well-made European clothes which set off his handsome figure, but he can get no civilized shoes to fit him, because his feet are so large and have so enormous a development of heel. His subjects have recently been worrying the Wesleyan missionaries, who have long exercised a controlling influence on the islands. They tried to assassinate the Premier, who is a missionary, and they have looted some of the mission stations.

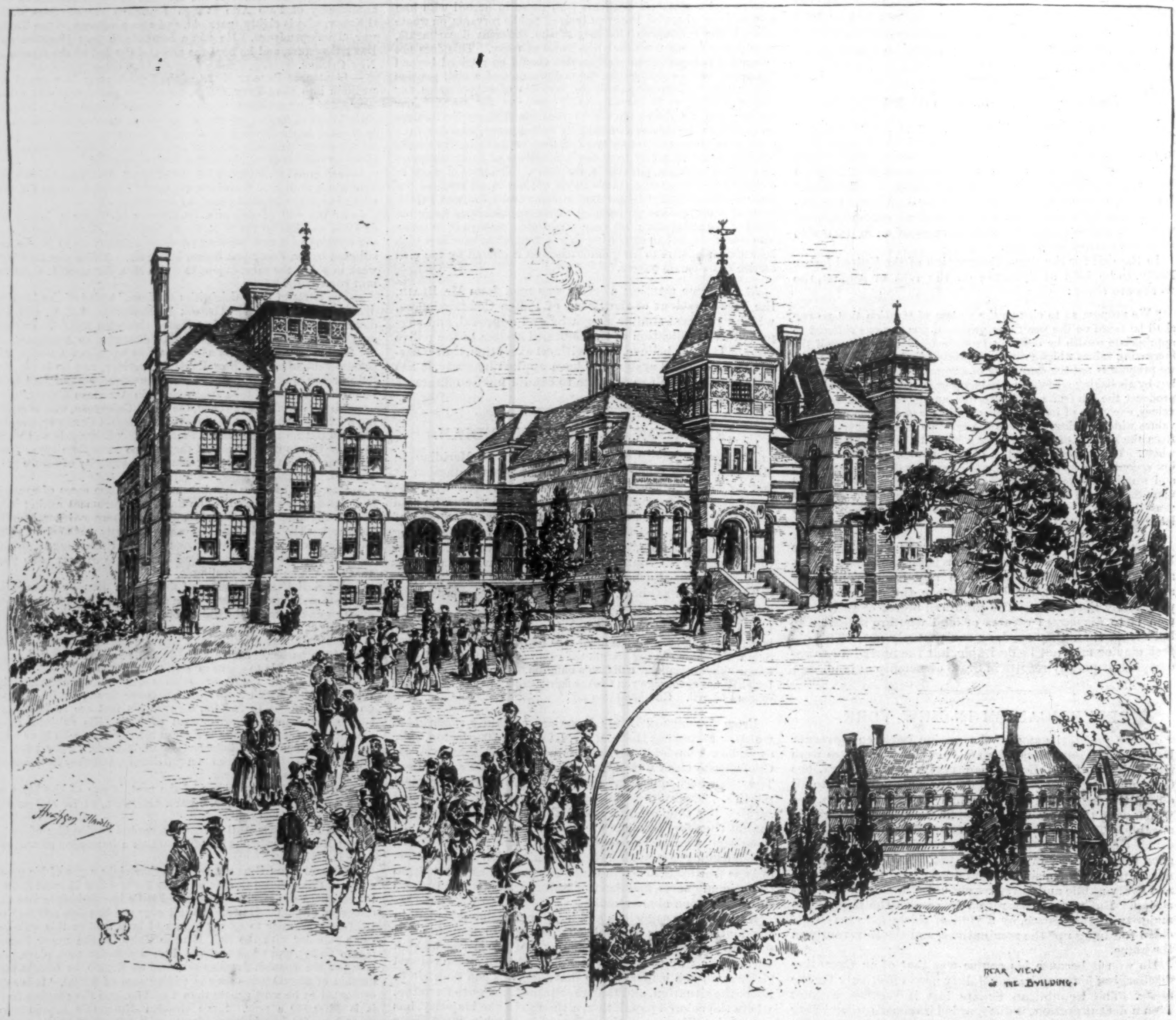
—Mrs. N. P. Willis, widow of the poet, is one of the heirs to the estate of the late Hon. Joseph Grinnell, of New Bedford, which has just been sold.

—The Rev. Cyrus A. Bartol owns several choice bits of property at Manchester-by-the-Sea, from which a handsome annual income is derived.

—General John Bidwell recently gave eight acres of his great ranch at Chico, Butte County, as a site for the new Normal School for Northern California. He arrived in California long before the discovery of gold. He travelled all over the Spanish territory of California in order to survey grants of land, and in this way became familiar with the rich Rancho Chico, in the upper Sacramento Valley, and when the American occupation took place, and many of the Spanish families returned to Mexico, he bought this domain of 30,000 acres for the trifling sum of $3000. It is now estimated to be worth more than a million, and the revenue from it is $100,000 a year. Since General Bidwell's second marriage his wife has induced him to root out all his wine grapes and replace them with raisin grapes.



THE NEW EXECUTIVE MANSION AT ALBANY.—Drawn by Hughson Hawley.—[See Page 406.]


Hughson Hawley
REAR VIEW of THE BUILDING

THE VASSAR BROTHERS' HOSPITAL AT POUGHKEEPSIE.—Drawn by Hughson Hawley.—[See Page 407.]

TO CALL HER MINE.*

By WALTER BESANT,

Author of "The World Went Very Well Then," "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

DAVID MAKES A PROPOSAL.

"Quick, David, quick!" cried the old man, eagerly. "Let us get to work. Oh! you waste half the morning; let us get on. At this rate," he sighed, "we shall take months before I have got back the property."

"There will be no trade this morning, uncle," David replied, standing in the doorway. It was a week after I had told him the truth. He had been turning it over in his mind in the interval.

"Why not? David, if you were nearly seventy you would be anxious to get on; you would not shilly-shally over a single bit of paper. Let us get on, David. Oh! you've got all the power now, and I am in your hands. I won't grumble, David. No; take your own time, my boy; take your own time."

The poor old man was strangely altered in four or five weeks, that he should thus humble himself before his nephew. But David had all the power so long as he had any of those coupons left.

"We go so slow, David; and I am so old."

David sat down with great deliberation, and as if he meant to stay a long time. But he had not with him his book of coupons.

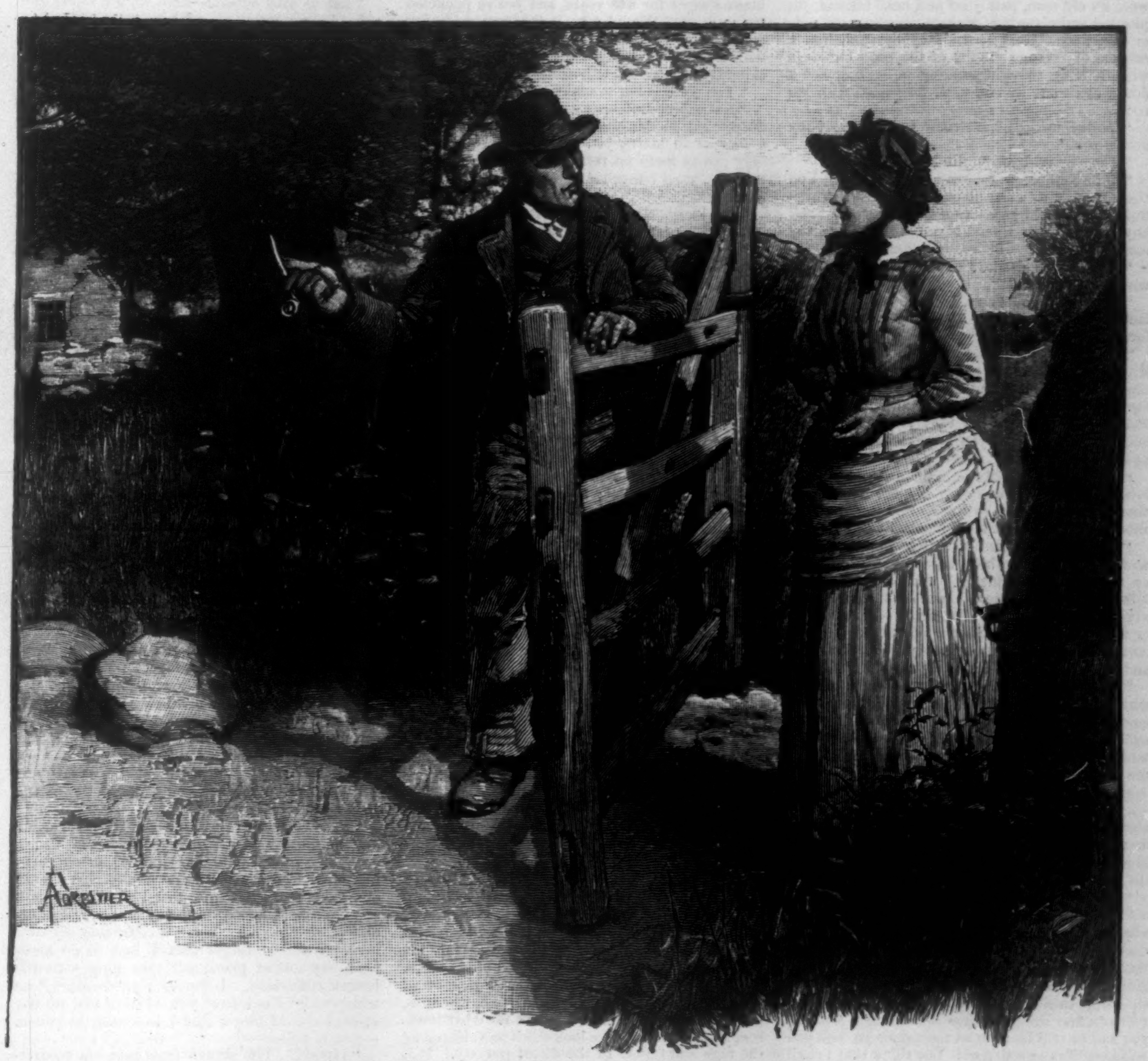
"Surely not too slow for you, uncle. Why, you are a patient man, if ever there was one. How many years did you wait, laying your lines to catch me and my land? No one can go too slow for you if he only keeps moving in the right direction. How many years have you laid low for George Sidcote? No, no; not too slow for you."

"I'm an old man now, David. Let me have done with the business at once,"

"Not too slow for me," David went on; "why, I can wait ten years. It is such a treat, you see, for me to be selling you your own property, and to watch you buying it, that I could go on forever. I really could." I think that he spoke the truth here, for the man was implacable and pitiless, and enjoyed every day more and more the spectacle of his uncle lying at his feet begging for mercy. If any gleam of pity softened his soul, the sight of the fields which had once been his hardened it again.

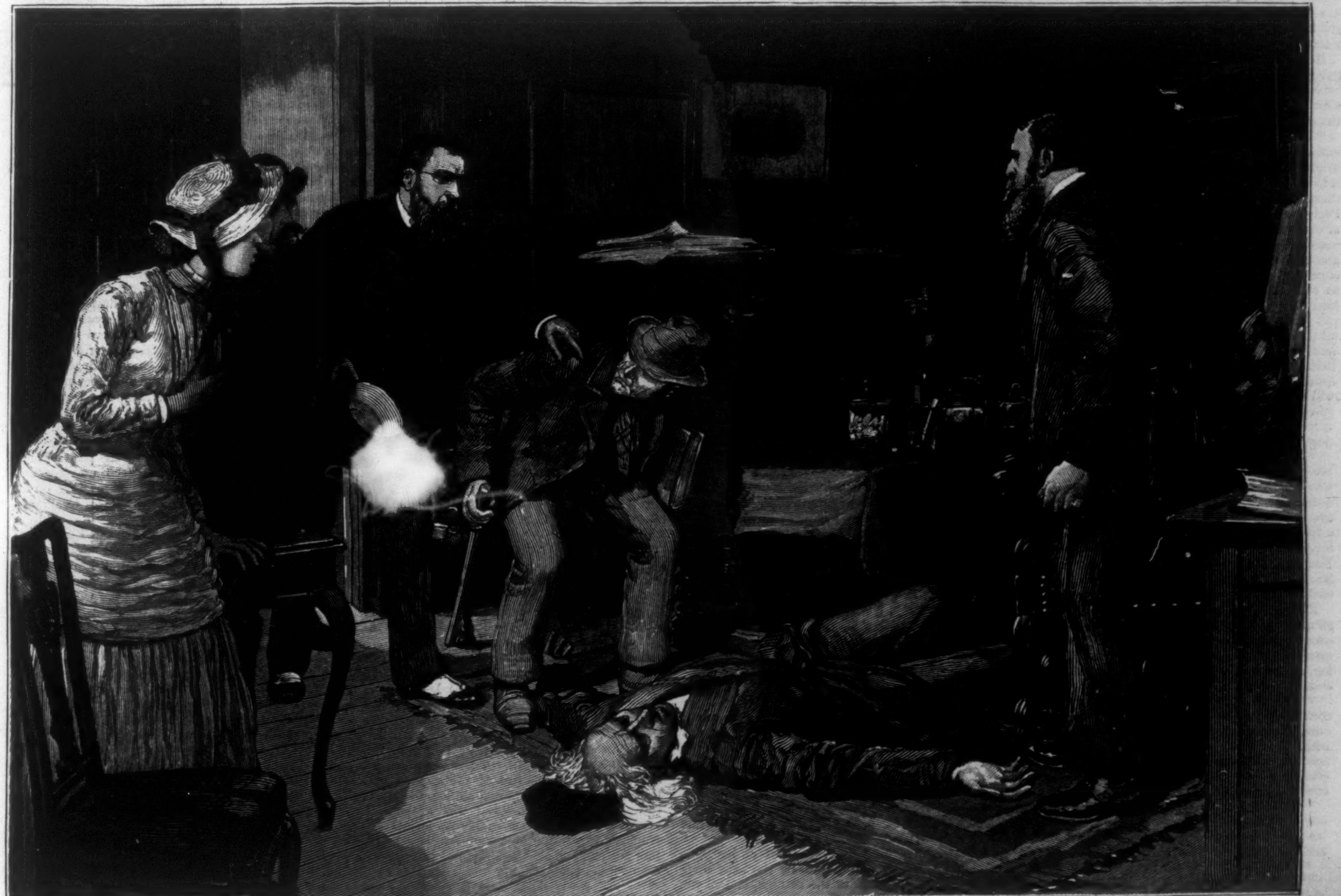
"You little thought when I came home that I was going to give you so much trouble, did you, Uncle Daniel? You thought you had the whip-hand over me always, didn't you? But you see: first the fall from your pony, then the loss of your papers, then the stroke, then my coming home and finding those papers—all part of the judgment! —and now there's more to follow."

"What more? Oh, David! what more?" the helpless old man only groaned.



"WILL YOU TALK IN THE COTTAGE, OR WILL YOU TALK HERE?"

Think of it. Outside, the splendid sun of August lay over the hills and combes, the woods and fields: the place was the most rural spot in all England, the farthest removed from the haunts of men and the vices of cities; in the next room was the most innocent girl in the world; close by was the little hamlet of Watercourt, where the people might be rude, and perhaps unwashed, but were yet full of the simple virtues which linger among country folk. And here, in this room, in an atmosphere of age and weakness, the fire burning in midsummer, the windows closed,



"THE OLD MAN FELL HELPLESS AND SENSELESS UPON THE FLOOR."

---

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1584.

were an old man, paralyzed and near his end, yet plotting and planning for the money he could never use, and a young man playing upon him a scheme of revenge worthy of the good old days when a King thought nothing of pulling out a Jew's teeth one by one until he parted with his coin.

"To-day, uncle, I have come to talk about my aunt's will."

"Then he told you? He said he would."

"Will Nethercote told me: you did not. You thought that as soon as our little business was finished I should go away and never come back any more. You thought you would keep the money, did you? Not so, uncle; not so!"

"He told you, did he? I wish I could be even with Will for that."

"You can't, you know, because he has got no land; and so you can't lay any plots and plans for him."

"I thought you would never find it out, David," Mr. Leighan confessed, with somewhat surprising candor. "I soon found that you knew nothing about it, and that you never go about and talk; and I was pretty certain that you would never find out. Well, now you know, what difference does it make? You are no nearer the money."

"We shall see. My aunt might just as well have left it to me as to you. To be sure, I never thought she had half so much. She began with a thousand. She must have pinched and saved."

"She was a wise and a thrifty woman, and she understood, with my help, how to place her money to the best advantage. She ought to have left it all to me, because I made it for her. She always said she would. But there—you can never trust a woman in a matter of real importance. And, besides, she was two years younger than me, and thought to outlive me. Well, well!"

"She left it to Mary, on the condition of her marrying with your consent; and, if not, the money was to go to me. And if I was dead—and you pretended to think I was dead—the will said nothing. So you thought you could stick to the money. Uncle, you're a foxy one! You ought to be in the States, and thirty years younger. There you would find yourself at home, with plenty of opportunity. Well, I am wiser now than I was. And see now, uncle, I don't mean to go away until this question is settled. What are you going to do?"

"Why should I tell you?"

"Keep it to yourself, then. I will tell you what you thought you were going to do. I've worked it all out. First, if you let George and Mary get married before the law lets you take Sidcote, you will lose Sidcote." He began, in his slow way, to tick off his points upon his fingers. "That's first thing. After you have got Sidcote, you will be still loath to let the money go, and you will keep Mary waiting on. You think that I shall soon go. Then you will keep the money as long as you live. But suppose they were to marry without your consent, all the money comes to me—comes to me. Very well, then; comes to me. That sticks, doesn't it? You can let them marry now—and you will lose Sidcote; you can let them marry after you have got Sidcote—and you will have to pay up; if you keep on refusing your consent, you can keep the money as long as you like—unless they marry without. Then you've got to give it to me—to me, uncle. You've had a taste of me already."

He waited a little. His uncle said nothing, but watched him from under his long white eyebrows—not contemptuously, as on the first interview after his return, but with the respect due to the strength of the situation.

"Very well, then; you would rather give that money to Mary than to me; but you would like to get Sidcote; you hate the thought of giving it to me; you intended to keep it to yourself. Yet there is no way out of it if you want Sidcote. Perhaps you think you would give it to Mary, after you have got Sidcote. But suppose she marries before? then you would be obliged to give it all to me. See here"—he put the dilemma once more as if to make it quite clear to himself, as well as to his uncle—"if you give your consent now, you lose Sidcote; if you give it after you have got Sidcote, you will have to pay Mary all her fortune; if they marry without your consent, you will have to pay me all the money. Perhaps Mary will go on all your life waiting for consent; perhaps I shall go away; perhaps she will marry without your consent. Which would you like best?"

"Go on, David; perhaps you are going to propose something."

"I have been thinking things over, uncle. You are getting old, you may die any day; then Mary would be free. It is true that she might marry to-morrow, in which case I should be entitled to everything. But I don't think she would be such a fool. If I were Mary, I should wait. You are seventy now, and you've lost the use of your legs. You can't last very long. I should wait, if I was Mary. Yes; it might be a year or two; it couldn't be longer."

His uncle heard without any emotion this argument in favor of his approaching demise—country people use plainness of speech about such matters—but he felt himself very far from dying, as masterful men always do up to the very end.

"Well, David, supposing that what you say is common-sense, what next? If Mary marries at once she is a fool, and then I have you to reckon with. There is a good bit outstanding on the old account, and I don't suppose there would be much coming to you when compound interest and all comes to be reckoned up."

"As for your outstanding accounts, we shall see when the time comes. And as for compound interest, it will be for you to pay that on my aunt's six thousand pounds."

"The interest went for the keep of Mary."

"I haven't heard that there's a word about that in the will. You've had her services as house-keeper for five years, and you've pocketed the interest. Why, I take it that you made five per cent. That's three hundred a year. There will be a beautiful day of reckoning, uncle. The sale of your coupons is nothing to it."

"You were going to make a proposal, David?"

"Not a proposal—not exactly an offer. What do you say to this, uncle? Mary won't be such a fool as to marry yet. If she doesn't, you've only got to keep on refusing your consent, and then she must either marry without or not marry at all—"

"David, it's a terrible misfortune that you are come back," his uncle interrupted.

"It is—to you. Well, she must either marry without your consent or not marry at all as long as you live. You will live a year or two longer. Then you will die, and she will have the whole of it. That is so, isn't it?"

"Go on."

"Buy me off, old man."

"Always buy—always buy!"

"To be sure. You've got to buy your own property back, because I've come home. You've got to buy me out on the chance of the money coming to me. Please yourself. What do you say to buying me out at a thousand?"

"A thousand pounds!"

"Yes, Uncle Daniel; a thousand pounds. And a very moderate figure too. Consider: if they were to get married, you'll make five thousand by the bargain, not to speak of interest. If they don't, you'll have the satisfaction of giving your nephew a thousand pounds back out of the property you've robbed him of."

"A thousand pounds!"

"That is the figure, uncle. Is it a deal?"

"I'll think of it, David. A thousand pounds! I'll think it over."

Said I not that persons with the best intentions can never be forgiven? Here were matters worse than ever: the old man's heart hardened the more; his cupidity awakened; and David with a deeper treachery in his mind to take revenge upon his uncle. And all my fault!

CHAPTER XVII.

A GLEAM OF LIGHT.

One has had to say so many hard things of the unfortunate David, and he appears in so singularly unattractive a light, that it is pleasant, before one parts with him altogether, to record one occasion on which he showed a gleam of a better self surviving the degradation of six years. In fact, David had not reached that lowest of all levels, that solid rock, that hard pan, which is, in fact, the Earthly Hell. Doubt not that it exists, though perhaps we look for it in vain among the rags and tatters of the direst poverty. It is not there that we shall find it. In this dismal stratum the men and women live wholly for themselves, and fight and grab, and waste and devour, intent only on getting all that there is to be had, each for himself, of roasted meats and strong drink, and the pleasures which are symbolized by these. It is a land of Purity—of Pure Selfishness, that is—unmixed and unabashed. Perhaps David sojourned awhile in that country during the mysterious period when he tramped, rambled, trampled, roamed, wandered, and vagabondized somewhere across the great continent of North America. He came out of it, I think, when he left California, after a series of adventures which would have done credit to a freebooter or a filibuster, but concerning which we had glimpses only all too short for the natural curiosity of man.

He came home with those six years of wandering upon his back; every year adding its contribution to the great bundle of debasement which he carried. Pilgrim Christian's burden, though it does not appear to have grown smaller between the time when he began to groan under it until the time when he cast it off, is not recorded to have grown bigger. David's, alas! grew bigger every day. Unhappily, too, he was as unconscious of his burden as if it had been a hump. He came home debased; he was below the level of the honest laborers once his servants; and he was possessed by the Evil Spirit of Hatred, which filled him always and all day long with thoughts of revenge, pitiless and cruel. And yet he had not fallen quite into the Earthly Hell. It was Mary who found this out. I suppose it was only to be expected, if anybody should discover a weak spot in a man's Whole Armor of Selfishness, that it should be such a girl.

She went to plead with him for her uncle. He was in the deserted farm-yard of Berry, with its tumble-down buildings. He leaned against the gate, a pipe in his mouth, thinking always of the fields he had lost, and the way in which they had been taken from him. It is unwholesome for a man to sit in the place which had been his, and to be brooding day after day upon how he lost it. Boabdil had few days of joy left to him, I dare say, after he rode away from Granada, but his mild sorrow and the resignation of his latter years would have been turned to madness had he continued to live within the walls of the city, and marked, day by day, the insolence and triumph of his conquerors.

While David looked before him, thinking of the past, and carefully forgetting all his own share in his ruin, as was his wont, and fanning the fierce flames of resentment within him, as was also his wont, he became aware that his cousin Mary was coming up the lane. Of course his first thought was to get out of her way; but as he thought slowly, and Mary walked quickly, there was no time to carry that idea into effect.

"Don't run away, David," she said; "I came to talk with you."

"Well," knocking the ashes out of his pipe, which was done, "come through the gate then, Mary. Will you talk in the cottage, or will you talk here?"

"Let us stay outside—here in the shade, David. Do you guess what I have come to say?"

"I might guess," he replied, slowly; "on the other hand, again, I might not. Better say it, Mary."

"It is this, cousin. When will you cease to worry your uncle?"

"Did he tell you that I worry him? Has he been complaining?"

"No. He even denies that you have any share in the new trouble that seems to have fallen upon him. But I know that it is caused by you. After every one of your morning visits he is miserable. Every day he grows more nervous and more irritable. He sheds tears when he is alone—I have seen him, David. I am quite sure that you are the cause of his trouble."

"Well, Mary, perhaps you are right. I may be the cause of it. Perhaps I may be the cause of a good deal more trouble before I have done."

"Oh! David, think—he is an old man; he is afflicted with paralysis; you are hastening his end. What good will it do to you if you worry him into his grave? Will that restore the past? Will that make you what you used to be?"

"Nay, that it will not do. But when I see him at my mercy, crying for pity, I think of the day when I came to ask him to lend me a poor fifty pounds, with which to try my luck in Canada, and he laughed me in the face."

"Well, then, David, does it do you any good to remember that day?"

"Yes"—he added a great oath, meaning that it did him an extraordinary amount of good to remember that day.

"I cannot believe that. Let the past be dead, David, and live for the future."

"You don't know what you are saying, Mary. What should you know about it? You are only a girl"—he spoke roughly and rudely, but not unkindly—"what do you know? Let the past be dead? Why, all the world is crying because the past won't die. I only wish the past would die." Here, it seems to me, David hit upon a profound truth: for very nearly all the world—not quite—it would be, unhappily, far better if the past would die.

"Resolve that it shall die, David, and live for better things."

"If the past should die," he said, slowly, leaning one arm over the gate—"if the past should die, Mary, I should forget that I was once a substantial man, who sat respected at the market ordinary, rode my own horse, and farmed my own land. I should forget that I had to go away from my native place, and take ship with the lowest emigrants. I should forget—Mary," he whispered, "I can trust you—I have told no one else—I should forget that I had been in prison—yes, in prison—"

"David!" She shrank from him, but recovered, and laid her hand softly upon his.

"Yes, in prison. And now I am no longer fit to sit and talk with George and you. But I am fit to talk with my uncle, because, bad as I am, he is worse."

"But if he is, David, if he is, forgive him."

"Never!" Again he swore a great oath, almost as great as that of the Norman King. "I will never forgive him or forget him. Such as I am now, he made me. Mary, don't ask me to forgive him. He had no mercy upon me, and I will have none upon him."

"When it is all over, David, and your uncle is dead, will it please you to think of your revenge?"

"Yes, it will; I shall always be pleased to think that I could pay back something—I don't care how much—of what he made me suffer. Look at me, Mary, and remember what I was. Do you think I cannot remember too?"

"Oh, David! But to keep alive such a spirit of revenge!"

"Wait, Mary; he has got George in his grip now. Wait; if George goes away and wanders about like me, and takes to drink and bad companions, and comes back to you in rags, with the past that won't die—and a prison, maybe—would you ever forgive your uncle for sending him away?"

"God forbid that I should be so tempted!" said the girl, shuddering.

"You don't know what may happen, therefore don't come to me about my uncle. Why, cousin, if you only knew what is in his mind about you this minute, you would say 'Stick to him, David; worry him like a terrier with a rat—squeeze the life out of him!' That is what you would say, Mary."

"No! Whatever is in his mind, I could not say that; I believe that I could not even think it."

"Why, you have been his house-keeper and his servant for five long years, without any wages—"

"No; I have kept my fowls," said Mary.

"And you've looked after the old man as no other woman in the world would have done; you've borne with his bad temper and his miserly habits, and now his reward is to rob your lover of his land and to cheat you out of your fortune. Yet you want me to spare him!"

Great passions are commonly supposed to belong exclusively to great men. A Louis Quatorze is so great and grand that he consigns a Fouquet to a life-long prison, and condemns the man with the Iron Mask to be doomed to oblivion utter. A Louis Onze, another great King, keeps an enemy long years in a cage in which he cannot stand upright. There are many noble and spirit-stirring stories of the implacable hatred and wrath of kings and nobles, and some of the gods of Olympus. But that a rough and common man, degraded by his own vices, fallen from his own respectable condition, should entertain such an implacable passion of revenge—that seems indeed remarkable."

"I will worry him," said David, "as long as I can. I will never spare him. I've got another— But never mind. Oh! when you are gone, Mary, he shall have a life that he little dreams of now!"

"David! it is terrible. Can nothing move you?"

"Nothing, Mary; not even you. And mind you, don't try to put yourself between him and me, because he won't stand it. It isn't me that won't stand it, because I don't greatly care who knows; but it's him. He likes me to come; he watches for me and waits for me, though he knows that when I am gone he will turn and wriggle in his chair, and cry and curse. Yet he wants me back. Say no more about it, Mary."

It was indeed useless to try further persuasions. Mary was silent. Her cousin, worked up by his wrath, stood before her with purple cheeks and flaming eyes.

"I must go away soon," she said. "I cannot let George go out into the world without any one. And then I must leave him—alone."

"Yes; but he will have *me*," said David, grimly.

"Well, I have said what I came to say, David, and I have done no good. If you would only forget."

"I cannot forget. Stay, Mary: one thing I must say. Remember afterward that I said it in time. Then, perhaps, you'll think that if it hadn't been for him I might have been a different man."

"What is it, David?"

"It's this." His face softened the moment he ceased to think upon his wrongs. It was but the wreck of a face which had once been handsome and full of hope; but it was better and healthier to look upon than the face black with revenge. "Will tells me that you are going to marry George without your uncle's consent?"

"Yes."

"You know that he must then give me the whole of my aunt's money."

"Yes."

"Very well, Mary. I am fooling him. Never mind how. But you shall not be wronged. You shall have all your fortune. Marry George without any fear. Remember—you shall not be wronged! I am as bad as you like, but I will not rob you, Mary, I will not rob you!"

Said I not that David had not sunk to the lowest level of the Earthly Hell? For that one promise of his, that he would not wrong the girl, I forgive him all the rest.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Perhaps the chief advantage of being a journalist is that you are expected to write upon every conceivable subject, and must, consequently, whether you are a person of curiosity and ardent in research or not, be continually acquiring new knowledge, and always storing up freshly acquired facts. No one, therefore, is so wise as an aged journalist—the older the wiser—until there comes a time when his memory begins to fail. After that he can sit at the dinner-table and talk as ignorantly as his neighbors.

As for me, I am every day hunting up something or other to illustrate and explain the startling telegram which never fails to arrive once a day. I have travelled—in a library—with this object over the whole face of the habitable globe. I think I know every island in the Pacific and every other ocean, its discovery, its early and its later history. The whole course of human history is at my fingers' ends, because I know exactly what volumes, on what shelves, contain what I want. The whole circle of the sciences is known to me—that is to say, I know where to look for a popular account of each, and where to find illustrations and anecdotes. The social life of every country is familiar to me, from the court to the cottage, because I know where the books about it can be found; in fact, I am the Admirable Crichton of the day.

I would not proclaim my own virtues so loudly were it not that, first, we do not get the credit due to us—the novelists, poets, and dramatists running off with all the glory; and, secondly, that it was entirely due to my professional versatility that the Reign of Terror which King David had established at Gratnor was swept aside, and King David himself dethroned, and this, too, in a most surprising and unexpected manner. One would not, at first sight, be inclined to connect the fortunes of Mary Nethercote with the Royal Geographical Society. Yet—but you shall hear.

It was heard in the office of the paper which has been fortunate enough to secure my services that there was to be held a special meeting, on an evening early in October, of the Royal Geographical Society, in order to hear a paper read by a German traveller recently arrived in Europe, after a lengthened stay in the South-sea Islands. Reader, you have perused the first two chapters of this history, and with your unerring sagacity you divine the rest. Nevertheless, I will tell it in order, though more briefly than if you had not already partly anticipated the reading of that paper.

I was instructed to write a leading article upon this paper. The inexperienced person would have procured a ticket, attended the meeting, made notes, and rushed away at ten o'clock in order to write his article before midnight. For myself I employed means which it is not necessary to describe—though perhaps they were immoral—in order to procure a private view of that paper before it was read in public. Consequently, with the help of a certain work of which I knew, and the presence of the map to keep one from going geographically or longitudinally wrong, I produced a leading article which gratified my chief and pleased the public. The paper read before the Society was on the people, the resources, and the natural history of that interesting island called New Ireland, of which I had never heard before. I took the precaution, after writing it, of attending the meeting; not that I wanted to hear the paper and the discussion, because I hate papers and discussions, but because I wished to be certain that the meeting really came off, and to be able to add any little detail as to the proceedings. A dreadful thing once happened to an unhappy critic who described a concert *from the programme alone*, without going to hear it. Most unhappily, he permitted himself to make certain strictures upon the performers. I say most unhappily, because—a thing he could never have foreseen—that concert was at the last moment unavoidably postponed, an accident which led to his connection with the paper being severed. Therefore I repaired to the theatre of the London University and took a back seat high up in order to witness the proceedings. I do not remember to have heard it observed by any one, but it is a remarkable fact that if you sit high up and look down upon the heads of the attendant Fellows of the Geographical Society beneath, you become presently aware that they have all gone bald at the top—not, I believe, so much from age as from a geographical sympathy with the north pole.

At the hour of eight the chairman entered with his captive traveller. The latter, certainly one of the tallest and finest men I have ever beheld, took his place in front of his maps, and began, after the usual introduction, to read his paper.

Of course I knew it all beforehand, and could look, like the governess who takes the girls to a lecture on astronomy, as if that and all other sciences were equally familiar to me; yet it was more interesting spoken by this tall German—his name was Baron Sergius von Holsten—than read from the proofs. He spoke very good English, and as he went on, added many new details to those he had originally set down. He had lived, it seemed, for many years among the natives of New Ireland, although they are cannibals and of great ferocity. In order to qualify for this dangerous enterprise he had first learned their language. Then he had himself conveyed to the shores, won the confidence of the people by some skill or secret knowledge, and staid until he had acquired all the information upon them and upon their island that could be obtained. And he had the good luck to be taken off at last in safety by a ship that touched upon these inhospitable shores.

After this paper was read, the usual irrepressible persons got up and began to discuss. At this point I retired to add a few things to my article and hand it in. I then repaired to the Savage Club, which at eleven o'clock begins to be a cheerful place. Here I found, in fact, an animated circle, and among them my friend of the R.G.S., the Baron Sergius von Holsten, who had been brought by one of the members.

It is always interesting to meet with men who have been on desert islands, or lived among cannibals, or travelled in those regions—now so few—where Messrs. Cook & Sons have no agents, and there are no hotels. It is enough for some people only to gaze upon such a man. For our part, at the Savage, we found the Baron not only an interesting person and as well informed as a leader-writer, but also a singularly amusing companion, and brimful of anecdotes and stories of all kinds, which he seemed delighted to produce for our benefit. He took his tobacco very kindly, and had a quite pathetic affection—seeing how long he must have been deprived of it—for whiskey and Apollinaris. Perhaps, however, he wished to emphasize the *entente cordiale* between Great Britain and Germany by blending the two most important drinks produced in the two countries.

We talked till late. At about three in the morning, when we had gone half round the world with him, and the waiter had brought the Baron his twelfth tumbler—a man so big had surely the right to fill up three times to any other man's once—he told us a very singular and surprising story.

He had not been the only European on the island all the time, he said. For six months or so he had a companion in the shape of a poor devil—an Englishman—who had been washed ashore upon a piece of timber, the only one, so far as he knew, who survived the wreck of the ship. The natives were going to spear this human jetsam, when he interfered and saved him, and continued to protect him until he was able to get him off the island in a vessel which came a-blackbirding. "This fellow," said the Baron, "was the most intolerable creature in existence. Earlier in his existence he had committed a murder, and during the whole of his stay on the island he was suffering agonies of remorse; all day long he wept and groaned, and was afraid to leave me for fear of being speared—in fact, the young men took a pleasure in pretending to point their spears at him, observing the intensity of his terror. At night he would not sleep at a distance of more than a foot or so from me for fear. And he was always visited every night by the ghost of the respectable uncle whom he had slain."

"Did you see the ghost?"

"No; nor did I hear its voice. Yet it spent the best part of the night in abusing the poor man, and he in answering it with prayers and protestations. As for revenge, I suppose no other murdered man ever took so much out of his murderer. Well, it was tedious. At length my Englishman declared that he desired nothing so much as to get away from the island and give himself up to justice. If he could only make his way to Australia and then get a passage to England, he would give himself up and confess the whole truth."

"A lively companion!"

"Yes. But to look at him you would think him a dull, heavy fellow, who seemed to have no spirit for such a desperate deed. Well, I got him away at length, and was left happy at last and alone. Before he went, however, I wrote down, at his request, a statement of the murder: a confession, in fact, which he and I witnessed. I warned him that I should make any use of it that I thought fit. As yet I have done nothing with it; and as I dare say he is dead by this time, I do not see why I should not tear it up. Here it is, however, written in my old note-book."

He took it out of his pocket—a thick leather note-book, stuffed full of the notes which he had made during his residence in the place—and began to read:

"'I, David Leighan, farmer, of the parish of Challacombe-by-the-Moor—'"

"Halloo!" I cried, "I know that man. There is only one David Leighan, and only one Challacombe."

"Has he kept his promise and come home?"

"Yes. He came home three months ago."

"So. He is doubtless hanged by this time?"

"Why should he be hanged?"

"For the murder which he confessed in this document. He was to give himself up to the police, and confess and take the consequences."

"But he has not murdered any one; at least, he has not confessed."

"He murdered his uncle, one Daniel Leighan, of the same parish. If he has not confessed, I must put these papers in the hands of justice."

"Why, his uncle is alive still! What could he mean by confessing?"

"Then David must have been mad. In which case it seems a pity that I took so much trouble to save him from the stewpans. But here is his confession, and if it is a work of fiction, all I can say is that David is a master of that art."

"May I read the confession?"

He handed me the note-book, and I read it through. You, gentle reader, have already had that advantage.

When I had read the paper through I understood everything. I understood why he came to the church-yard in order to see the grave of his victim; why he was so careless about his rags; why he was seized with that queer hysterical fit; why he was so moody and sullen; what it was that he took out of the hiding-place at Grimspound; what he was doing with the old man. Everything became clear; and one thing clearer than any other—that his uncle must be saved from him.

"Herr Baron," I said, "I must take you, if you please, all the way from London to Challacombe-by-the-Moor. You must stand before David with this document in your hand, and prove that he is a murderer in intent and a robber in fact."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LAST APPEAL.

When the harvest was over—it is later up among the hills than in the lowlands below—and the grain was ingathered, and the work of the year completed, George began to make his arrangements. He had received the formal notice and a six months' grace in which to find the money. There was no longer any doubt possible that he must leave Sidcote. He had now made it all out in his own mind. There would be enough money from the harvest to pay the half-year's interest; the land would be foreclosed. And the sale of his stock, farm implements, furniture, and everything would leave him with a few hundreds to begin the world again. He would go to Tasmania; it seemed, from the books he read, the kind of country where a man might buy a small farm and live upon the fruit of his own labor.

"Let us," said Mary, "make one last appeal to my uncle. We will go together, George. Perhaps he may relent even at the last."

They made that appeal at an unfortunate time. To begin with, it was in the morning, when David was still with his uncle; and in the second place, it was a morning when David had been abusing his position. The redemption value of the coupon, in fact, was at a preposterous figure, and the poor old man, torn by the desire to get back his property, and by rage at the terrible ransom imposed upon it, was rapidly arriving at the condition in which his nephew loved to see him, when he lost his self-command, and in turns grovelled, wept, protested, implored, cursed, and tried to bribe his nephew. It is well to draw a veil over this picture of sordid and ignoble revenge; of old age dragged in the dust of self-abasement; of baffled avarice and of ruthless malice. There had been a battle royal, and David, as usual, was the victor. No mere physical suffering would have caused Daniel Leighan more cruel torture than this daily bargain over his own property; no mediæval poet could have invented a more crafty and complete revenge. And outside, Arcady, with its hanging woods glorious in the autumn sun, its streams hurrying downward under the trailing branches, with the red and yellow leaves of the bramble, and the scarlet berries of the mountain-ash, and the calm silent mountains of Hey Tor and Blackdown across the combe; the peaceful farm-yard, with the familiar sounds of contented creatures enjoying life; the dog sleeping before the kennel and the cat sleeping in the sun-warmed porch, and the water of the leet musically dropping, dropping forever, over the great wheel. In sweet Arcady man's evil passions should be stilled, otherwise the joy and gladness of Arcady are banished, and it ceases to be that sweet and happy land.

When they opened the door they found the old man trembling and shaking with the passions of impotence and rage. His face, livid and distorted, with haggard eyes, was turned upward in an agony of entreaty, to meet David's. There was no passion in that face, nor any emotion except a calm and sober satisfaction, which might even have been holy gratitude, for David's heavy face was hard to read. He stood over his uncle's chair, dominating him, with a bundle of papers in his hand, regardless alike of prayers or imprecations.

"Wait a minute, George," he said. "We have just finished our business, and a most pleasant half-hour we have spent, to be sure! Now, uncle—it is always pleasant, as everybody knows, to do business with my uncle—steady, I say, or you will have a fit—now, is it a deal, or shall I put this little packet into the fire? Quick! take it or leave it. That's my figure!"

"I'll take it—oh! I'll take it!"

David laid the papers on the table instantly, and made a note in a pocket-book.

"Pity," he said, "that you would not come to terms sooner. You'd have spared yourself a great deal of trouble and time. But there, you always would have your way, and you enjoy beating a man down, don't you?" His uncle did not look exactly as if he had enjoyed the last attempt. "Now I've done, George."

Although he had finished his business, David did not retire, but took a seat—Mary's seat—in the window, prepared to listen, and with the appearance of one interested in what was coming.

"What do you want, George?" Mr. Leighan asked, impatiently. "Why do you come here while I am busy, Mary? I'm not so strong as I was, and David made me angry. Wait a moment. David said something that angered me. Wait a moment. He doesn't mean to anger me—no—no—but he does, sometimes."

He covered his face with his hands. Presently the trembling left him, and he recovered.

"Now," he said, with a show of briskness, "I am better again. What is it, George? If it is business, have you come to propose anything? You have got your legal notice, I believe? Yes. Then you know the conditions of the law, which I didn't make. It is the same for me as for you. Pay me any other way, and keep your land. If no other way, I shall have your land. Is that sense, or is it not?"

"Hard common-sense," said George.

"So it is," said David. "It's always hard common-sense when he takes another man's land."

"Well, uncle, I have got nothing to say on that score."

"I am sorry for you, George," the old man went on; yet his face expressed a certain satisfaction. "Nobody will blame you, I'm sure; or me either, for that matter, and when your poor father borrowed the money the land was worth three times as much as it is now, so that nobody will blame him. Take a glass of brandy and water, George. I don't expect ever to get the value of my money back. So we're all losers by the hard times."

"He never offered me any brandy and water," said David. But no one took any notice of the remark, which showed jealousy.

"I shall want a tenant, George," the old man went on, "and we will not quarrel about the rent. Easy terms you shall have—oh! I shall not be hard with your father's son—and when you've got your head well above water again, we will consider about you and Mary. Don't think I shall be hard upon you."

"No," said George; "I am going to emigrate."

"To foreign lands, George? to foreign lands? Has it come to that? Dear, dear!" Mr. Leighan belonged to the generation which regarded emigration as the worst and last of evils.

"I am going to Tasmania."

"Tut, tut; this is very bad. To foreign lands! David went to foreign lands, and see how he came home. George, you had better stay at Sidcote and be my tenant."

"No," said George, shortly. "Well, the long and the short of it is, that we are here to-day—Mary and I—to ask your consent to our marriage."

"No, George, I shall not consent. What! let Mary marry a man who has lost his own land and is going to foreign lands? Certainly not! not on any account!"

"When your sister left Mary all her fortune—"

"It was mine by rights. I made it for her."

"—She put in the clause about your consent to protect her. You know, as well as I, that she herself would never object to me for Mary's husband."

"She began with a thousand pounds. By my advice she made it into six thousand pounds. Do you mean to tell me that I am to have no voice in the disposal of all this money?"

"This kind of talk will not help anybody. Well, I have had my answer, I suppose. Mary dear, it is for you to choose between your uncle and me."

"I have chosen, George, you know well. Uncle, you will have to give that money to David or to me. Here is David, and here am I. To which of us will you give it?"

"Suppose, Mary," David interposed—"suppose there was a secret arrangement—I don't say there is, but suppose there was—between your uncle and me. Suppose that I was to sell my chance for so much down, and he was to keep the rest."

"Uncle! you would not—you could not—do such a thing!" Mary cried.

"Suppose, I say"—David went on—"that arrangement was to exist. Then, you see, George and Mary"—David put the thing in his slow and deliberate manner, so as to bring out the full meaning of the transaction—"you see that if you don't marry without his consent, he will lose the money he's got to pay me; but if he does not pay me that money before you get married, he will have to pay me the whole afterward. Therefore he naturally wants you to marry without his consent. You are going to play his game for him."

At this unexpected blow Daniel was covered with confusion. When two people make such a treaty, secrecy is the very essence of it; and for one of the parties concerned to blurt out the truth is, in a sense, a breach of contract. The old man actually turned red—at seventy he had still the grace to blush at being found out in a shameful job—and hung his head, but he could not speak.

"Oh! you have speculated on our marrying without your consent! You have actually bought David's chance, and now you want us to marry, so that you may keep the whole to yourself!"

"Not the whole," said David. "What will be left after he has bought me out."

"Mary," her uncle replied, evading the question, which was not right—"Mary"—his voice was feeble, and he trembled—"why do you want to get married yet? Stay with me. Let George stay at Sidcote and be my tenant. And I will consider—I will consider. Besides, think, Mary: I am an old man now, and you will have all my money and all my land when I die."

"Have you bought up David so that you may keep the money as long as you please, by always refusing your consent? Answer that," said George, hotly.

"I shall answer nothing," Daniel replied, angrily—"nothing—nothing! You have come here and asked for my consent to your marriage. Very well; I refuse it. Now you can go."

"Mary," said George, "it is no longer possible to leave you in this house. Your uncle has deliberately set himself to rob you. Come with me, dear; my mother will take care of you till we are married." Mary hesitated. "Go, Mary, put on your hat, and come with me. As for you, Daniel Leighan"—he waited till Mary had left the room, "we leave you alone. Nothing worse can happen to you. When you have no longer Mary to provide, beforehand, all your wants—when you are alone all the day and all the evening, you will remember what you have thrown away. Oh! you are seventy years of age, and you are rich already, and you rob your sister's daughter in order, for a year or two, to call yourself richer still!"

The old man crouched among his pillows and made no answer. Mary was leaving him. But if she staid he must give his consent, and then he would lose that land. So he made no answer.

Ten minutes later, Mary returned, carrying a small bag in her hand.

"I have come to say good-by, uncle." Her eyes were full of tears. "I knew that I must choose between George and you. I knew that you would refuse because George could save his land if he had my money, and I knew that your heart was set upon getting his land. But I did not know—oh! I could not guess—that you had planned this wicked thing to get my fortune as well as George's land. Everything that I have is yours, but I suppose you will let me have my clothes as wages for six years' work? Come, George."

"You will go—and leave me—all alone, Mary?"

"*I* am here still, uncle," said David. "I will come and stay here—I will be with you all day long and every evening. Not alone; you still have me. We shall have a roaring time now that Mary is gone. We will bargain all day long."

The old man looked up, and saw his enemy before him with exulting eyes, and the room empty, save for those two; and he shrieked aloud with terror. David with him always!

"Mary!" he cried, while yet her soft footsteps, gone forever, echoed still about the quiet house. "Mary!" But it was too late. "Come back, Mary! Don't leave me—don't leave me—and you shall marry whom you please! Mary! Mary! I give you my consent! Mary, come back!"

She was gone; and there was no answer. Then he turned his face into the pillows and moaned and wept. Even David had not the heart to mock him in this first moment of his self-reproach and dark foreboding of terror and trouble to come.

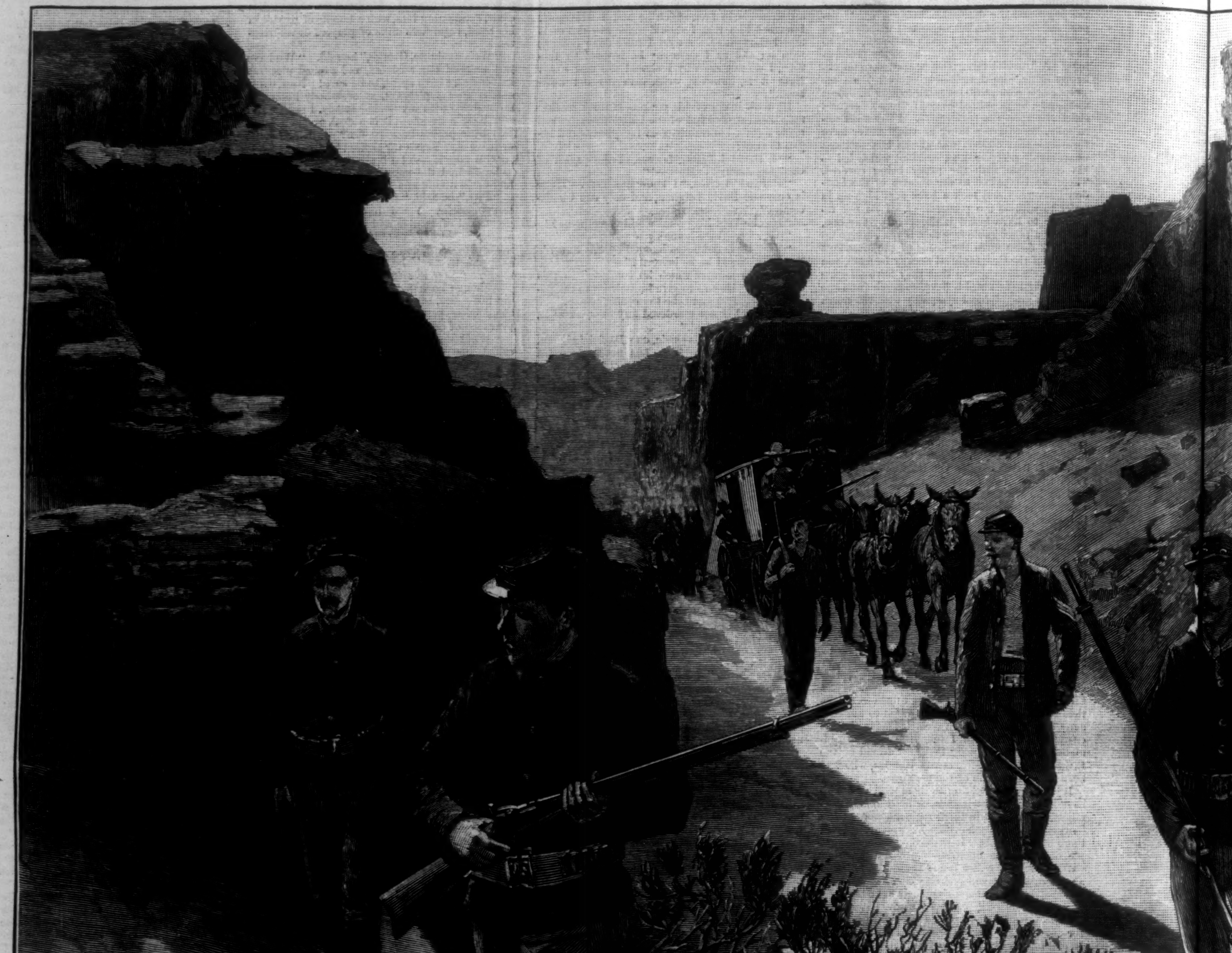
CHAPTER XX.

THE THIRD DREAM.

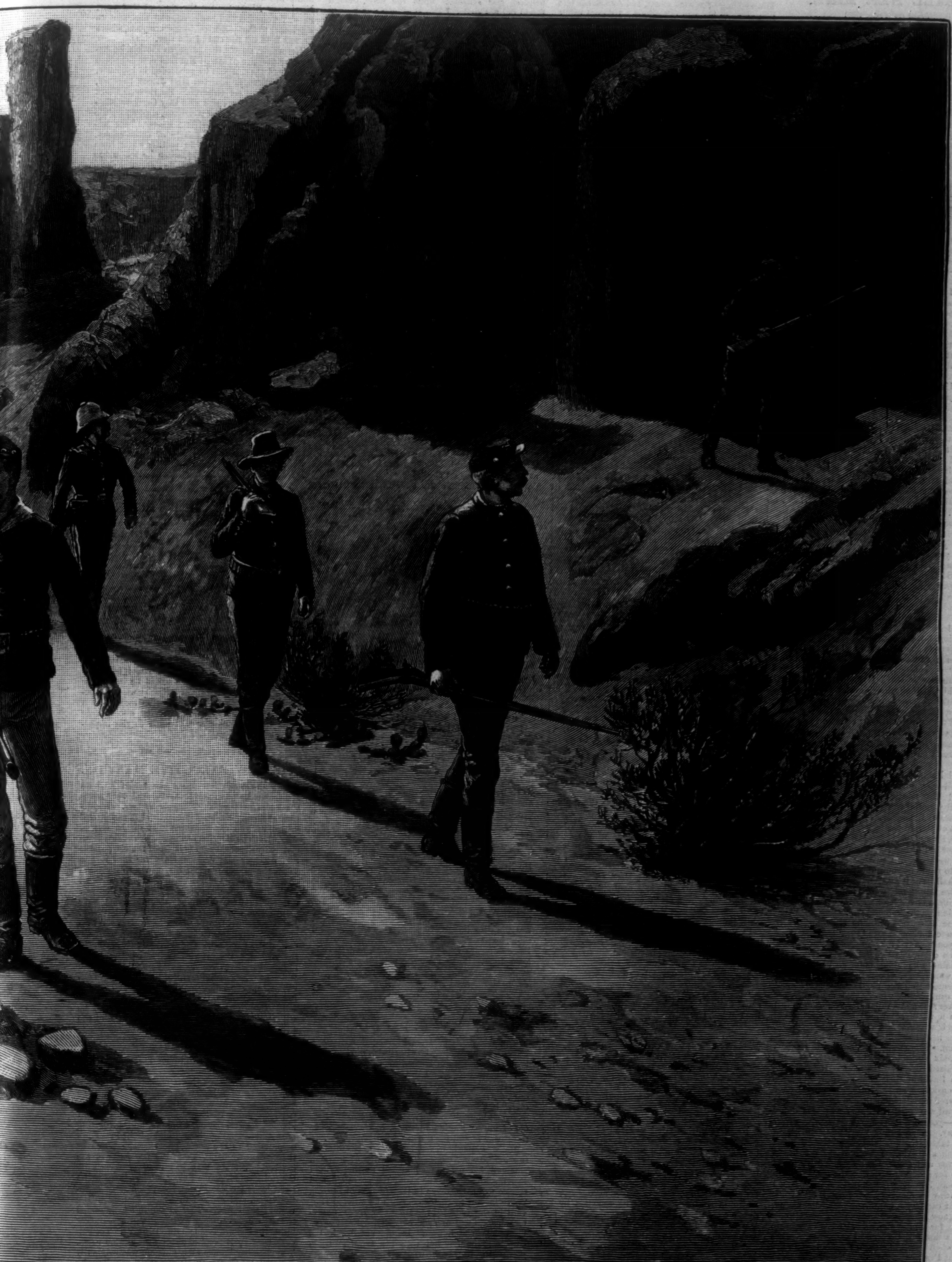
The wedding bells rang out as merrily for Mary as if she was giving her hand to an Earl instead of a ruined farmer; as joyfully as if the whole of her life was planned for ease and laziness instead of hard work; as happily as if Fortune had poured into her lap all that the earth can give or the heart can desire. The bells rang out over the whole great parish, from Foxworthy to Hey Tor—from Riddy Rock to Hamil Down. They were echoed along the black precipice of Lustleigh Cleeve and were lost in the woods of Latchell. They could be heard among the gray stones of Grimspound and on the open barrow of King Tor. They drowned the roaring of Becky Fall, though the stream was full. They rolled like mimic thunder from side to side of Becky Combe. They beat into the ears of the lonely old man who sat in his parlor at Gratnor, his papers before him, trying to persuade himself that he was happy at last, for he had what the Psalmist prayed for—who can have more?—his heart's desire. He had longed ardently for the lands of Sidcote; he had longed in vain, until a fall in land made that become possible which before was impossible. He had that land now within his grasp; the place in a few weeks or months would be his; and not only that, but five-sixths of Mary's fortune as well. He ought to have been a happy man.

Naturally he was by this time deaf to the voice of Conscience, which had now been silent for many years. But when Conscience ceases to upbraid, she stabs, wounds, flogs, and chastises with any weapon which comes handy. And to-day she turned the ringing of the wedding bells into a flail with which she belabored the soul of Daniel Leighan, so that he could find no rest or peace while they lasted, or after. He had robbed the girl who had served him faithfully and affectionately—his sister's child—of her portion. He had taken her husband's lands; he was driving her away to a far country; and he would be left alone. He had the desire of his heart, but he would be

[*Continued on page 406.*]


R. F. Zogbaum '87

WITH A PAYMASTER'S ESCORT.—Drawn



by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 406.]

TO CALL HER MINE.

[*Continued from page 403.*]

left alone. This was almost as much as if Alexander Selkirk had been informed by pigeon-post that he was raised to the Peerage under the title of the Right Honorable the Viscount Juan Fernandez, and that he was condemned to remain for life upon his desert island, there to enjoy alone his title and his coronet.

Mary had left him for three weeks only: already he had found the difference between hired service and the service of love. It is a difference which shows itself in a thousand little things, but they all mean one thing—that the former, at best, does what it is paid to do, while the latter does all that it can think of to please, to comfort, and to alleviate. Every day, and all day long, he had turned to Mary for everything, and never found her wanting. Now nothing was right—not even the position of his chair and table, or the arrangement of his cushions, or the comfort of his meals; and nothing would ever be right again. Perhaps it would have been better if he had given his consent, and suffered George to redeem his land, and so kept Mary.

"Uncle"—it was David who came in slowly, and sat down with deliberation—"the wedding is over. I have just come from the church. There was a rare show of people—most as many as on a Sunday morning."

"Are they married?"

"Yes; they are married. I wouldn't make quite sure till I saw it with my own eyes. Married without your consent, aren't they?"

"Certainly. They have married without my consent."

"Then, Uncle Daniel, since they are married without your consent, I'll trouble you for six thousand pounds—my aunt's legacy of six thousand pounds—with compound interest for six years at five per cent. It amounts to £7657 13*s.* 9*d.* I have been to a lawyer at Newton-Abbot and he calculated it for me. You lent me, two days ago, a thousand pounds, which I take on account of the legacy, because you knew then that the banns were up and the wedding fixed. The balance you will pay over at once. Otherwise my lawyer will bring an action against you. Halloo! uncle, what's the matter?"

"You took a thousand down, David, in full discharge. It was an arrangement. I owe you nothing."

"Uncle, you are a man of business, I believe. What arrangement do you mean?"

"You told George, in this room, that there was such an arrangement. You set him against me with telling him that, David."

"Where is the arrangement? Where are your papers?"

"David! David!" He fell back in his chair. He had fainted.

David went to the sideboard and got the brandy. When his uncle recovered he gave him a few drops.

"You are simpler than I thought, uncle," he said. "Did you really believe that I was going to give up this fortune, and to you—to you, of all men in the world—when I knew all along that they would marry without your consent?"

"David, you are a devil!"

"I am what you made me. As for the Devil, he has more to do with you than with me, I take it."

"David! David!" he moaned, and wrung his hands, "tell me you are joking."

"Not I! See now, uncle; I am going away. I shall sell you the rest of your coupons, and I shall go away; but before I go I will have that money out of you, to the last farthing. It is not for myself, though; it is for Mary. You thought to cheat her out of her fortune, and to keep it to yourself; well, you are wrong. You shall pay far more to me than you would have paid to her, and she shall have it all."

"You are killing me—oh! villain! villain!"

"The villain is the man who lays his plans to rob and plunder the helpless."

"Kill me at once!" said the old man; "kill me, and have done with me!"

"Kill you? Not I; killing would be foolish with such a chance as I've got now for revenge! As for villain—who robbed me of my land? You! When I went away, who refused me the small sum I wanted to start me in Canada? You! When I came home, who offered me the wages of a laborer? You! Villain? You dare to call any man a villain!" David bent over the old man's chair with flaming eyes and purple cheeks, his hands held back lest he should be tempted to kill him. There was the same fury in his look as when, six years before, he stood before him with upraised cudgel on the moor. If the Baron had seen David at that moment he would have ceased to ask how so slow a creature could have been spurred into the blind rage of murder. "You dare to call any man a villain? As you drove me away—your nephew—so you have driven your niece away. As you took my land from me, so you have taken George's land from him. Villain! Well, I am a villain. I have lived with rogues and thieves and savages till I am no longer fit company for a decent man like George, or for an honest man like Harry the blacksmith. But I will go away as soon as I have got the last farthing that can be got out of you: I shall go away, I don't know where—and spend it, I don't know how. As for killing you, man, I've had the heart to do it a dozen times since I came home. Every day when I walk among my fields I could kill you. But I've had enough of murder. Not twice—not twice!" His eyes were wild and his face distorted with ungoverned rage. But still he kept his hands back, as if he dared not suffer them to approach his uncle. And when he had said all he had to say—for this was not all, only the rest was incoherent with splutterings and oaths—he rushed from the room, as if he could not bear even to be in his uncle's company.

And then the old man was left alone again. The wedding bells were silent, and conscience left him alone to his own reflections. I do not think that he acknowledged even to himself that he was rightly punished for a long life of avarice and greed. Whatever happened, he might bemoan his sad fate, but he would not acknowledge that it was the natural consequence of his iniquities. So, in the good old days, when the retired Admiral sat in his room, his foot wrapped in flannel, with a red-hot needle stuck into his great toe and refusing to come out, his jolly old nose swollen as big as a bottle, and beautifully painted with red blossoms, he never said to himself, "Admiral, this red-hot needle, this gout, this swollen nose, all these aches and pains and tortures and inconveniences, which will shortly put an end to you, are the result of the hogsheads, barrels, puncheons, and tuns of rum, brandy, and port which you have imbibed in the course of your earthly pilgrimage." Not at all; he only cursed the gout, and lamented his own sad fate.

When the new house-keeper brought in the dinner he did not dare, as he would have done in Mary's time, to lay upon her the burden of his own misery and bitterness. She was a fine large woman, who knew what was due to herself, and Mr. Leighan had to treat her with respect. It is a truly dreadful thing not to have a single soul upon whom you may discharge your ill-temper, vent your spleen, and make a sharer in your own miseries. Never again would this poor old man, now tried beyond his powers, be able to command a sympathetic listener; never again would any one pretend to care whether he was in a good temper or not.

"Now, sir," said his house-keeper, "sit up and eat your dinner." It is thus that they address the paupers. Mary, he remembered daily, had been wont to carve for him, to ask him what he would take, and where he liked it cut. Now he was told to sit up and eat his dinner. He noticed these little things more than usual, because when a man has received a heavy blow, his mind, for some mysterious reason, begins to notice the smallest trifles. I suppose it is because he loses all sense of proportion as regards other things. Once I read how a murderer was arrested in some lodging where he had taken refuge. On his way out of the house with the officer who had him in charge, he stopped to call his attention to a curious shell upon the mantel-shelf. In the same way Mr. Leighan in his trouble of mind noticed the serving of his dinner.

He obeyed, however, and ate his dinner, which was half cold. Then he mixed himself a much stronger glass of brandy and water than usual, because he was so full of trouble, and filled his pipe. And presently, partly because his mind was so troubled, partly from habit, and partly by reason of the strong brandy and water, he fell asleep as usual.

There was no wedding breakfast at Sidcote, or any festivities at all—not even a wedding cake. George drove his bride and his mother home after the service, and presently they had dinner together, and George kissed his wife, and his mother cried, so that there was little outward show of rejoicing. Yet they all three rejoiced in their hearts, and felt stronger and more hopeful, just because they could now stand together.

In the afternoon Mary asked George to go out with her.

"I must go and see my uncle," she said. "I can not bear to think of him alone. Let us ask him to keep his money, but to let us part friends."

They walked hand in hand across the stubble fields, and through the lanes, where the blackberry leaves were putting on their autumn tints of red and gold, and the berries of the hedge were all ripe and red—the purple honeysuckle, the pink yewberry, the blackberry, rowan, hip and haw—to Gratnor.

"Strange, George, that we shall go away, and never see the dear old place again!" said Mary, with a sigh. "Let us go as soon as we can, so as to leave it before the trees are stripped, and while the sun still lies warm upon the hills."

In the parlor Mr. Leighan was still sleeping, though it was past his waking time. Mary touched George by the hand, and they sat down behind him in the window and waited.

They waited for a quarter of an hour.

Then they heard a step outside.

"It is David," George whispered. "He will rouse his uncle. Is he come already to ask for his fortune, I wonder?"

Just then Mr. Leighan awoke, perhaps disturbed by David's heavy step; and he awoke just as he had done twice before, namely, suddenly, and with a startled shriek of terror. Just as he had done twice before, he sat up in his chair, with horror and fright in his eyes, glaring wildly about the room.

Mary, accustomed to witness this nightmare, looked to see the terror change into bewilderment.

But it did not.

For a while his mind was full of his dream; while he yet remembered the place, the time, and the man, and before the vision had time to fade and disappear, the very man himself of whom he had dreamed stood before him at the open door. Then he no longer forgot; his dream became a memory: he was riding across Heytree Down in the evening; and he was met by his nephew with a cudgel, and the nephew cried out, "Who robbed me of my land?" and struck him across the temples so that he fell.

"Murderer! Robber!" he cried. "Help! help! I am murdered and robbed!"

And then, lo! a miracle. For the paralytic, who had had no power in his legs for six long years, sprang to his feet and stood with outstretched arms, crying for help to seize the murderer. And David stood before him with such a look of hatred and revenge as he wore on that night, and in his trembling right hand the cudgel ready to uplift and to strike.

It was over in a moment, for the old man fell helpless and senseless upon the floor, though David did not strike. The skull-cap was knocked off by the fall, and exposed the angry red scar of the old wound. He lay upon his back, his arms extended in the fashion of a cross, as he had fallen upon Heytree Down; and as he lay there, so he lay here—with parted lips, streaming hair, and eyes wide open, which saw nothing though they gazed reproachfully upon his murderer. Then for a space no one spoke; but David bent over his uncle, breathing hard, and George and Mary looked on wondering and awe-stricken.

"A second time, David?"

David started, and turned. It was the voice of his German protector Baron Sergius von Holsten, and the tall figure of the Baron stood in the door, accompanied by myself. But on this occasion I counted for nothing.

"A second time, David?"

David gasped, but made no reply.

"You came home, David," said the Baron, "to give yourself in charge for murdering and robbing your uncle. You struck him over the head with your cudgel, so that he fell dead at your feet. You robbed him of a box of papers and a bag of money. The thought of the crime gave you no rest by day, and at night the ghost of your uncle came to your bedside and ordered you to go home and give yourself up. You came home. Your uncle was not dead. Have you confessed the crime?"

David made no reply.

"Have you restored the papers?"

Again he made no reply.

"This is your uncle: he looks as if you had killed him a second time. Madam"—he addressed Mary—"I am sorry to speak of such things in the presence of a lady, but I have in my pocket the confession of David Leighan."

"He was not killed, after all," said David. "What matters the confession?"

"But he was robbed. Where are the papers?"

"Here they are—all that are left." I observed that he had a big book of some kind under his arm; he laid this on the table. "There are his papers. Now what's the odds of a confession or two?"

"Is this man's presence desired by his uncle?" the Baron asked.

"No!" said Mary; "he comes every morning and drives him nearly mad. He has some power over him—I know not what. He has made my uncle's life miserable for three months."

"My duty seems plain," said the Baron. "I shall go to the nearest police-station and deposit this confession. They will, I suppose, arrest you, David. You cannot, I fear, be hanged, but you will be shut up in prison for a very long time. The wise man, David, flies from dangers against which he can no longer struggle. The door is open." He stood aside. "Fly, David! let fear add wings. The police will be upon you this night if you are still in this village! Fly, David! even if it is once more to face the ghost of your murdered uncle! Better a hundred ghosts than ten years of penal servitude. Fly, David!—fly!"

There remained little more to be told.

David has not since been heard of; and the question whether Mary's fortune was forfeited by her marriage has not been raised. Nor can it be raised now. For Mr. Leighan remained senseless for three days—the same period as that which followed the assault upon him. And when he came to his right mind, behold! it was another mind. He thinks that the whole parish of Challacombe belongs to him—all the farms and cottages, and even the church and the rectory. He is perfectly happy in this belief, and is constantly planning improvements and good works of all kinds. He exists only to do good. He lives with George and Mary, and enjoys not only good health, but also an excellent temper. He always has a bag of money on the table, the handling and music of which give him the most exquisite pleasure; and in the drawing up of imaginary mortgages, signing vast checks, and watching his imaginary property grow more and more, he passes a happy and a contented old age. His affairs are managed by George, and Mary is his heiress. So that for the present generation, at least, there will be no more talk of going to Tasmania.

THE END.

SENATOR PASCO.

The new Senator from Florida, Hon. Samuel Pasco, of Monticello, who was chosen by the Legislature on the 19th of May, after a prolonged contest, resulting for a time in a dead-lock, is remarkable for having served as a private, and a private only, during the civil war. "Confederate brigadiers" in Congress can usually be found in abundance without elaborate search; but Private Pasco, of the 3d Florida Infantry, has a somewhat novel war record for a United States Senator.

He was not, however, by birth a Southerner, nor indeed an American. A native of London, England, his parents emigrated to the British Provinces when he was about ten years old, and thence to Charlestown, in the suburbs of Boston. There he was fitted for college, and entered Harvard in the year 1854. He was a quiet, unpretentious student of good capacity, without ranking among the highest. He did not live in the college buildings, but with his family. Upon graduating, in 1858, he went to Florida, and taught school at Waukeenah, meanwhile studying law. Two years later the war broke out, and he enlisted as a private in Company H, 2d Florida Regiment. As he had a more than ordinary education, he was most of the time employed as a clerk at regimental or brigade head-quarters, but managed to do his share of fighting. A comrade recalls an act of gallantry on his part in bringing off a mortally wounded companion from under fire at Jackson, Mississippi, in 1863. At Missionary Ridge, toward the close of that year, he was wounded and captured, and was sent as a prisoner to Camp Morton, at Indianapolis, where he was held till the end of the war.

Returning, on his liberation, to Florida, he began the practice of law at Monticello, in the office of Colonel Dill, whom he succeeded in business. There, in 1869, he married Miss Jessie Denham, and they have six children. He became Clerk of the County Court and also City Clerk in Monticello, a trustee of the Academy, captain of the local military company, Grand Master of the Masons, and Past Grand Master of Odd-Fellows. But his first prominence in politics dates from the Hayes canvass of 1876, when he was made chairman of the State Democratic Executive Committee, of which he had already for some time been a member. In 1880 and 1884 he was a candidate for nomination as Governor, but withdrew in favor of Governor Bloxham in the first instance, and Governor Perry in the second. This conciliatory spirit served him well, since during the long struggle for the office of Senator, when both these gentlemen were candidates with Mr. Pasco for the Democratic nomination, and the contest had lasted many days, he again withdrew, but was at length taken up again, and received the unanimous Democratic support. Two years ago he was elected a member of the State Constitutional Convention, and was chosen its presiding officer, gaining much credit for his quiet common-sense ways; and last November, being elected to the Legislature, he was chosen Speaker of the House.

Senator Pasco, though not an ornate speaker, is persuasive through sincerity and good sense, and has been effective in canvasses in his State. Habitually faithful to his public duties, his attention to his Senatorial tasks at Washington will doubtless afford a marked contrast to that of his predecessor, Senator Charles W. Jones, whose term expired on the 4th of March. Mr. Pasco's two elder brothers still reside in Massachusetts, while a younger brother is Dr. F. Pasco, of the Duval High-School, in Jacksonville, Florida.

THE PAYMASTER'S ESCORT.

The extension of the railroad system in the far West, the progress of settlement, and the abandonment of small and isolated posts have of late years somewhat decreased the perils attending the paymaster's journey from garrison to garrison. Nevertheless there are routes on which the absence of a suitable escort would undoubtedly be equivalent to the robbery and murder of this disburser of the public funds. One such scene, suggesting the possibility of the surprise even of a strong guard, save for great wariness, by concealed highwaymen or Indian marauders, is depicted in the present issue of the Weekly. Under the system now in vogue in the army the troops are paid at far too long intervals, whereas it is almost universally conceded that it would be better for discipline and for habits of frugality were it practicable to pay them not less often than once a month. The necessity of carrying about large sums for accumulated dues adds to the importance of the paymaster's escort.

THE NEW EXECUTIVE MANSION.

The State of New-York has maintained an Executive Mansion for its Governors ever since the administration of Governor Tilden. It purchased during his term a staid old mansion and its grounds in the southern part of the city of Albany. The Knickerbockers' descendants have gradually deserted that section of the city, and it is no longer the desirable quarter that it was when the mansion was built, nearly thirty years ago. This was the criticism that was directed against the expenditure of $104,000, which was appropriated for rebuilding the mansion a year ago. The spot has its associations, however. Five Governors, two of whom have been the Presidential candidates of the Democracy, have occupied the mansion. The White House at Washington is far less comfortable, and certainly far less pretentious, than the new Executive Mansion which has risen upon the site of the old one. An additional appropriation, making a total of $141,000, has been granted this winter, and if Governor Hill's hopes are realized, the mansion will be ready for occupancy within a fortnight, and the President and Mrs. Cleveland will be his guests on their return from their fishing trip in the Adirondacks.

The grounds comprise about four acres. The mansion stands in about the centre of this quadrangular plot, some distance back from the street. The sloping lawn is well shaded with trees. The building is of brick, with terra-cotta and brownstone trimmings. It presents a combination of piazzas, towers, dormer-windows, and projecting bays and tall chimneys and high-pitched roof not displeasing to the eye. The carriage porch at the main entrance is one of the few parts of the original structure that has been preserved by Capitol Commissioner Perry. The piazza at its right leads from the library, past the state reception-room, and around to the hot-houses in the rear of the house. That at the left is intended for the conservatory. The large dormer-window lights the billiard-room on the attic floor. The balcony near by is reached through the same room. The chamber immediately under it was originally selected by Governor Hill as his own, but he subsequently chose the two rooms on the same floor at the northeastern and northwestern corners. The circular tower on the southern front contains large windows which light the dining-room on the ground-floor, and also a noble guest-chamber on the floor above.

The entrance to the mansion leads direct into the great hall—an apartment which is finished in quartered white oak. The fireplace of Tennessee marble at once challenges attention. The state-room, where the Governor will receive, is an apartment at one end of this hall 25 feet wide and 42 feet long. The dining-room, with its buffet of cherry, exquisitely carved, and its mahogany furniture, is at the opposite end. When the three are thrown into one by drawing the folding-doors, a grand hall is obtained 110 feet in length, and with an average width of 25 feet. Into this hall open the breakfast-room, the library, sitting-room, and parlor. The last adjoins the conservatory, and will be completed so as to correspond as closely as possible to the old parlor, in which the Governors received with their staffs. The large pier-glass and its stool, which were such a conspicuous part of the furniture of the old parlor, will be transferred to the new parlor. A grand staircase of oak, with broad landings and carved balustrades, leads from the hall to the upper floor of the house. It is calculated that a thousand persons can now attend a reception in the mansion without discomfort.

The walls and ceilings throughout have been stippled and decorated. Electricity will be furnished for lighting from the Capitol. Electric bells and bath-tubs and dressing-rooms are in every chamber. The large guest-chamber is a room 20 feet wide and 35 feet long, which is to be furnished in mahogany.

The Executive grounds are near the summit of a hill, and from the towers of the mansion may be obtained views of the Helderbergs and the distant Catskills, of a ten-mile stretch of the Hudson, and of a broad tract of woodland and field on the east and north.

"ASK ME NO MORE!"

A CONVERSATION.

The September sun, straying through the vine-covered corner of a Newport piazza, flickered over two figures—a man's and a girl's. A pretty enough picture they made. She in her filmy laces, in the wide arm-chair, and he in velvet jacket and knickerbockers, stretched lazily at her feet, while beyond lay the broad horizontal bands of white sand, purple ocean, and turquoise sky.

The girl slowly closed the blue and gold volume of Tennyson from which she had been reading, and dreamily repeated, half aloud:

"'Ask me no more: the moon may draw the sea,
The clouds may stoop from heaven, and take the shape,
With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape,
But O too fond! when have I answered thee?
Ask me no more!'

"Do you think he ought to have asked her again after that?" she continued.

The young man tossed a pebble out over the water, and waited to see the last ripple vanish before he replied. "I have no doubt that he *did* ask her again, and I have no doubt that she would have been awfully disappointed if he hadn't."

Hilda Grey looked down at the speaker with a smile, half vexed, half amused. She was a Boston girl, and Eustace Payne was a New York man, and therefore, as she told herself, it was a case of imperfect sympathies. The old battle of realism *versus* idealism was perpetually waging between them. Payne ridiculed the Concord philosophers, and burlesqued their philosophy. He boldly declared, not that he could not understand Harris, which would have been received as a tribute, but that Harris did not know what he meant himself. Emerson, he said, was saved by a sense of humor which made him half a New-Yorker. The mind cure he called Boston witchcraft, and professed to think as dangerous as the Salem delusion of old. Yet the aggressive campaign was not all on his side. When he maligned the mind cure, my lady retorted with contemptuous references to Irving Bishop; when he belittled Boston divinities, she challenged him to produce their peers in Manhattan; and when he sneered at Concord, she jeered at Chautauqua. The "Grove" she called a *lucus a non lucendo.* The Chautauquan method summed up, so she said, the New York idea of culture—prize questions in English literature, historical tableaux, and Scripture conundrums with blackboard illustrations, the whole crowned by a diploma certifying that the holder was able to compete with any university giant, like David with Goliath, armed simply but sufficiently with the Chautauquan sling. So the war of words had been carried on through the long summer days and the moonlit summer evenings, floating on the bay, driving on the avenue, and strolling on the bluffs. Often, under flag of truce, other subjects had been discussed on friendly terms, and yet each evening left Hilda with a sense of discontent in herself and her companion. Sometimes they seemed to draw very near each other in spiritual sympathy, and then all at once a discordant note would be struck which set her over-sensitive nerves quivering.

These discords often came when, as now, she was led on to speak out her psychological questionings. In Eustace Payne's mind, to produce one's serious thoughts and deep convictions in ordinary conversation was like a woman's wearing diamond ear-rings to market, justifying suspicion that they were paste, and branding the owner as new to the world of culture. To Hilda Grey, on the other hand, it seemed that all talk, to be good for anything, must dig down into the verities, and it was with a shade of impatience in her tone that she took up the thread of the conversation.

"I am not discussing the heroine's feelings. The question is, Should you think a man would care to marry a woman who wanted not to love him?"

"Certainly not, unless her unwillingness could be overcome."

"A lawyer's quibble. Let me, if possible, make my idea clear enough for your comprehension. I mean would a woman's determination not to care for you be an incentive to you to strive to win her love? I say *you*, meaning the average man."

Payne slowly drew himself up to his full six feet of height, and with his cap waved a mock salute as he answered:

"''Tis an old maxim of the schools
That flattery's the food of fools,'

but if you really think me competent to speak for the average man, I should say, Yes, in a certain way. I do not care for pigeon-shooting; I prefer shyer game; and I can understand that pique, 'that last infirmity of noble minds,' might lend an added zest to courtship; but, after all, the motive of her aversion to marrying me would make all the difference in the world. If, for instance, it were disparity of rank or fortune, I confess I have no fancy for playing Bertram to any Lady Geraldine."

"Excellent! Here we have the gauge of the average man, and, behold, it is vanity. Affection may go to the wall, but his precious self-esteem must not be wounded. So long as your pride would be gratified by conquering her indifference you would strive for her regard like a politician for office, but if winning her implied any humiliation, as, for example, in the acceptance of her fortune, you prefer to button up your coat over your bursting heart, and, as you would magnificently call it, 'conquer your passion,' as I should say, 'sacrifice yourself and her on the altar of vanity.'"

Payne unclasped the knee which he had been holding as he leaned back against the pillar, and he stretched himself out as if to make his position as comfortable as possible for a long argument. His face called to its aid the superior smile which Hilda always found specially aggravating, as he made the somewhat irrelevant reply:

"Woman is generally brilliant, sometimes inspired, seldom consecutive, and never logical."

"Sententious sage!"

"She blazes up and goes out like the electric lights on Fifth Avenue, the flashes of her illustration only illuminating the darkness of her reasoning. Now that you have finished your summary of the average man, let me show you the flaws in your argument, though it is like pointing out the holes in a mosquito netting. Let us go back to the situation of the poem, imagining me the hero, and you as the ideal woman (mark my superior civility), the heroine.

"In the first place, then, wanting not to love me is not indifference. The very resistance implies that I have reached the stronghold of your heart, and your only hope at best is to hold the citadel. It is a question of driving me out, not of preventing my entrance. Now this indicates one of two states of mind. You think either that you are not worthy of me, or that I am not worthy of you. If it be the former, I will defend the case to the last appeal, with Cupid as referee and Hymen as witness. If it be the latter, I would ask, 'Why do you doubt me?' If my fortune is too small, 'farewell!' My pride says it, and pride is the mortal foe of vanity, though you seem to confuse them. If you doubt my constancy, I claim the right to prove it. If you scorn my intellect, I have at least enough to appreciate your merits. Yes, and your faults too, by Jove!"

"Sir, you forget that you are speaking of the ideal woman, who presumably had no very glaring faults, even in the eyes of so intellectual a lover as a New York lawyer."

"There comes in your provincial acerbity, as usual; but you shall not draw me off from the main line of battle to any inter-civitic skirmishes. Suppose we take a fresh start, and let me turn inquisitor. I should like to have you interpret for me the heroine's state of mind. I confess I have always thought her an arrant coquette, who withdrew only to make the pursuit more eager."

The young man looked up with a triumph of delight in his brown eyes as he saw that the last shot had told, and by the interlaced fingers and rising color of his adversary perceived that she was rising to the discussion in dead earnest. He often wondered at his own perpetual disposition to quarrel with Miss Grey, and yet he told himself that she was never so charming as when she was downright angry, and descended from her transcendental hobby to fight on foot. Slowly and somewhat disdainfully she replied to his sally:

"If you choose to put so flippant a construction upon such a subtle and beautiful revelation of a woman's heart, you are of course at liberty to do so, just as you would be at liberty to lithograph the Sistine Madonna, or parody 'Paradise Lost,' but you must excuse your friends from sharing your enjoyment of the productions. For myself I do not care to discuss the subject further, for I will not hear it handled like a second-class flirtation. A man's touch on the strings of sentiment is always heavy, and makes one cringe like a child's crash on the piano."

"On the contrary, 'the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense,' and a woman's touch on the keys is too professional; but proceed, priestess, with the sacred rites of interpretation, and I will bow to the East like a dervish till the service is ended."

"To tell the truth, a somewhat more reverential attitude of mind toward things intellectual as well as moral would do you no harm. Perhaps that was just the lack which the heroine felt in her lover."

"Not she! She saw that he was growing thin, and she loved not hollow cheek nor faded eye, and altogether did not like the prospect of nursing him through a long siege of consumption; so she preferred to go into a decline herself."

"Flippant again, and too literal. His pallor was the result of his emotion, 'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought'; but seriously I think this was one of those cases of subtle mind-reading which Tennyson so often flashed out before he was overtaken with his passion for the peerage and the foot-lights. He makes the girl foresee that incompatibility of mind and temperament which, generally discovered after marriage, makes grist for the divorce mills; and though she feels the magnetic power of her lover, and is drawn to him by some force stronger than her own will, she appeals to him to save her from herself, not to allow her to act from this mistaken though inevitable impulse against the judgment of her saner hours. She says to him in substance: 'I love you, but you are not my ideal. Our aims and purposes, our whole theories of life, are at odds, and though we do not feel the clashing now, or feel it only as the stimulus to keener thought, we should feel it more and more when we were joined together in the unyielding bonds of matrimony. Oxen that want to browse in different corners of the meadow feel the fret of the yoke.'"

Hilda Grey paused to take breath, and bringing back her gaze from the vague stretch of ocean, let it fall on her companion. Startled at the something she saw rising in his eyes, she suddenly realized with a sense of dismay that she had drifted out from the safe footing of abstract ideas, and that the undertow was fast carrying her far beyond her depth into a sea which she dreaded for herself, and had still less mind to be followed into by her comrade.

But it was too late. Before she could open her lips he had plunged in. "May I tell you what his answer would be? He would tell her that life was a question not of browsing, but of ploughing, and that, in spite of the fretting of the yoke, the oxen could do better work together than alone; that he would be accommodating enough to browse in her corner of the meadow in off hours; that she was his ideal if he was not hers, and that perhaps (pardon the average man's vanity)—perhaps her ideals were drawn from poetry, fiction, and transcendental philosophy rather than from real life, and that he might do as well as another for a lay figure to be dressed up into a hero by her imagination; that though he had hitherto wasted his valuable talents by keeping them hidden in a napkin—"

Interruption: "That *is* a waste, when a doily would cover them."

"I scorn to notice the impertinence. As I was saying, he would plead that though he had idled away his opportunities, he was not yet like Portia, so old but he might learn if he had some motive for ambition to lay hold upon, clear and practical, not vague and illusory. In short, suppose that I, the average man, should ask you, the ideal woman, to marry me, what would you say?"

The amused twinkle this time lay in the girl's eyes, though she kept them demurely lowered as she answered, "I never reply to hypothetical offers."

"Well, then, for Heaven's sake, answer a direct one! You have virtually refused me a dozen times in the last fortnight by choking me off when you saw that I wanted to speak. You have taken pains to mention as your ideals the men you thought most unlike me. You have dosed me with Concord and bullied me with Boston. Now, to crown all, you try to persuade me that it is dishonorable in me to try to make you care for me. Yet hear me you shall. I love you, and I ask you now, once for all, will you marry me?"

"'No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield;
Ask me no more!'"

WILLIAM O'BRIEN.

William O'Brien, the Irish editor to whom the Canadian mobs have lately been devoting themselves, is a man under forty years of age. He was born in the town of Mallow, and is the last of a family of which all the other members died of consumption. In person he is slight and delicate, with reddish hair and pale complexion. He received a college education, and became a reporter on the *Freeman's Journal.* Attention was first drawn to him through his descriptions of scenes in the south and west of Ireland during the times of famine in 1880. Some of his journeying along the coast and among the islands was accomplished at considerable personal peril. His reports were sharply drawn, and obtained fame for their author. When Parnell and his associates established *United Ireland* they made Mr. O'Brien its editor. It has been said that the Irish leaders wanted a paper less conservative in the support of the Home Rule cause than the *Freeman's Journal* and the *Nation*, and that they rightly judged that such a paper would be provided by Mr. O'Brien. He was aggressive, fierce, and denunciatory. This was in the time of the not over-tolerant Forster, and it was not long before *United Ireland* was suppressed. Its presses were seized, its employés locked up, and Mr. O'Brien was imprisoned for six months in Kilmainham jail.

Mr. O'Brien has always been counted among the aggressive champions of the cause of Irish home rule. His methods of writing and of oratory as well have never been suave or cautious, but always outright, denunciatory, and fierce. When he was in Parliament he was ill at ease, and he was glad enough to get out of it. The patient methods of Parnell were not suited to his temper, however his judgment may have approved them. He was the first to bring upon himself the operation of clôture. Amid the uproar which followed its application he cried out to Mr. Gladstone, "We'll remember this to you in Ireland!" Mr. Gladstone moved for his suspension, and the Speaker ordered Mr. O'Brien to retire from the House. "Certainly, Mr. Speaker," was the retort of the fiery Irish member; "with far greater pleasure than I ever entered it." It is understood that he continued to serve in Parliament against his own wish and only in deference to his friends. He was defeated at the last election, and when vacancies have since occurred he has invariably declined to fill them.

To Mr. O'Brien is credited in a large measure the downfall of the English influence at the Vatican, and at the same time he has the reputation of great tolerance in religious matters, and is regarded as having done much to establish the unity of Catholic and Protestant Irishmen in the support of the home rule cause. He is reputed to be most scrupulous in his personal use of money contributed to the support of the interests which he assists. Of the salary set apart by Mr. Parnell for the editor of *United Ireland* it is said that he draws only enough to support him in a frugal manner. He is a bachelor, and his needs are few. Again, when five thousand dollars was sent to him from America at the time of his attack upon the moral iniquities of Dublin Castle, he used only such part of the money as was needed to pay for legal advice, sending the rest to be distributed by the Protestant minister and the Catholic priest of Mallow among the poor.

VASSAR BROTHERS' HOSPITAL.

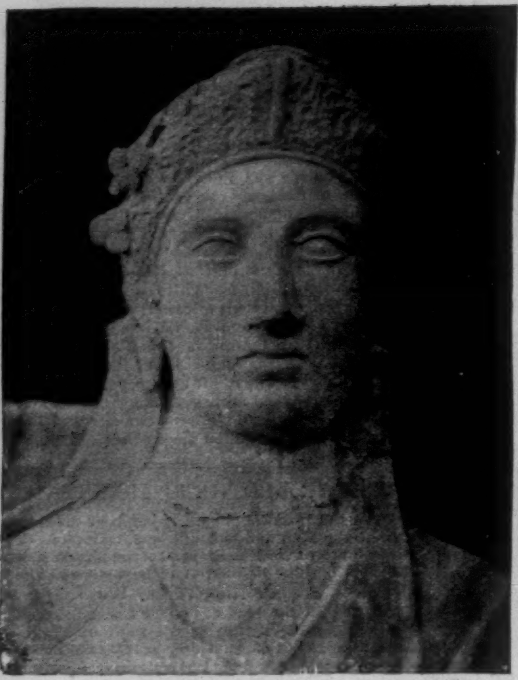
A magnificent addition has just been made to the benevolent and philanthropic institutions of the State of New York in the completion and formal opening of what is to be known as the "Vassar Brothers' Hospital," at Poughkeepsie. Situated on the banks of the Hudson River, at the southwestern edge of the town of Poughkeepsie, it is at once an ornament to the immediate neighborhood and a conspicuous and attractive feature of the landscape. The grounds are extensive, covering some fifteen acres.

The building, which is of dulled red brick, is built from the plans of Mr. Frederick C. Withers, of this city. The style of architecture adopted, while suggestive in several of its features of the Queen Anne period, is one that admits of considerable variety of treatment. There are towers and turrets and gabled roofs, and on all the main floors the doors and windows are arched. The entire edifice consists of three parts—the centre and two wings, the latter being uniform in structure. The wings and the centre building are connected by a corridor. The centre and each of the wings project into towers, the towers in the wings retiring toward the roofs, that in the centre building assuming larger dimensions almost immediately above the wall, and forming a goodly sized square chamber, which is roofed in the same style as the rest of the general structure. In the wings there are two stories with attics. In the centre building there is only one story with attic chambers. The roofing adopted is that which is known to architects and builders as hip-roof. The centre building projects considerably in the foreground, the wings being thus in proportion retired. In this building and beneath the tower is the main entrance, with the hallway leading into the corridor, which runs from wing to wing. In the rear there is an extension which is divided by a continuation of the hall, and which consists of the operating-room on the left, with bath-room, closets, and other conveniences on the right. In the rear of each wing is a large two-story extension to be used as wards and having bath-rooms and other conveniences at the extremity. In the front part of each wing are dining-room and a sitting-room. In the centre building and on the right of the hallway are first the physicians' room, and then the dining-room; and on the left, and in the same order, are first the board-room, and then the dispensary. The walls are hard-finished; and there are no mouldings or projecting surfaces. The ventilation is effected by a system of pipes which, running through all parts of the hospital, lead to one of the towers, where the odors escape. In the wards the cots are of iron, ten in each ward, thus making forty in all.

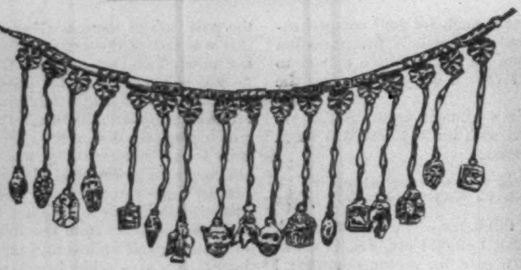
The resident physician is Dr. Guy C. Bayley, who has on his staff ten practitioners. The institution is to be free to all whose claims are approved by the Executive Committee. Preference is to be given, first, to the residents of Poughkeepsie; second, to residents of Dutchess County; and third, to the State of New York.

WHAT IS A BOHEMIAN?

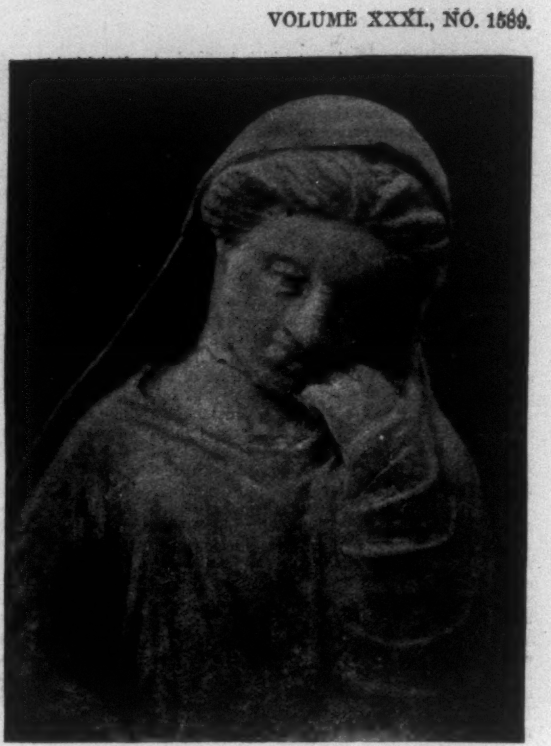
There has been considerable discussion at one time and another as to the traits and qualities which go to make up a social Bohemian. A fashionable lady once, in describing to another her idea of the genus, said, with ready tongue, "You are a Bohemian when you are dirty and lazy and your clothes are old." Perhaps this description fits the popular conception, but it is to be commended for its epigrammatic quality rather than its absolute accuracy. The truth is that there are Bohemians and Bohemians, and that not all of them can be said to be either ragged or deficient in personal cleanliness. If an artist or a literary person is sufficiently improvident he may be a Bohemian, or he may be one merely by neglecting the usual social forms, and loafing and dreaming with his pipe. Some contend that an enlarged faculty for drinking beer is an essential, and there have been circumstances which went to support this view. It is told, for instance, of a most gifted Bohemian living in New York that, in answer to the question, "Do you drink much beer?" he replied, "No, not much; there isn't much in the city." But undoubtedly there are pretty wide limits in which one may be a Bohemian, and no habit is an absolute condition. The Bohemians in Mr. Macdonald's picture on page 408 have the aspect of a wholesome lot, against whom no graver charge is to be brought than the charge that they are enjoying a mild neglect of the conventionalities. The one who is pouring coffee, for instance, neglects the conventionality of pouring it into the cup.



HEAD OF A GODDESS FROM A TERRA-COTTA STATUE OF THE FOURTH CENTURY B.C.



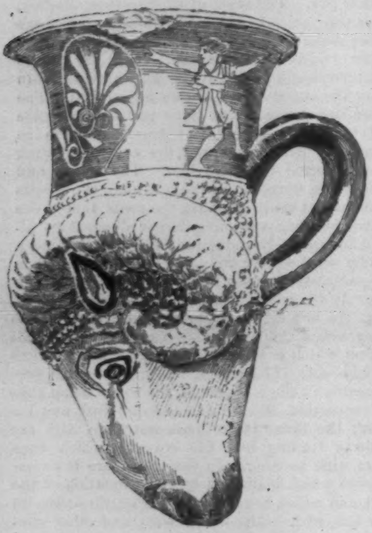
GOLD NECKLACE.



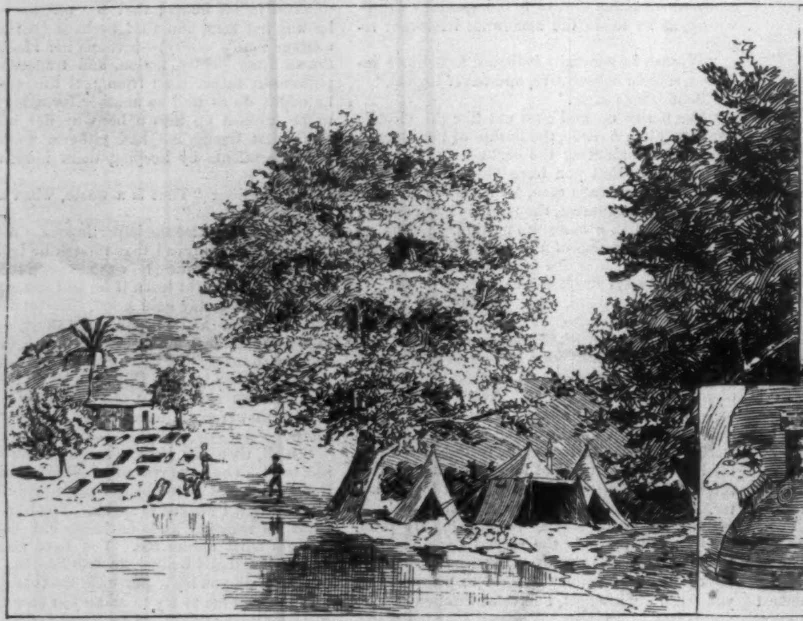
PORTRAIT IN TERRA-COTTA.

NEW DISCOVERIES AT CYPRUS.

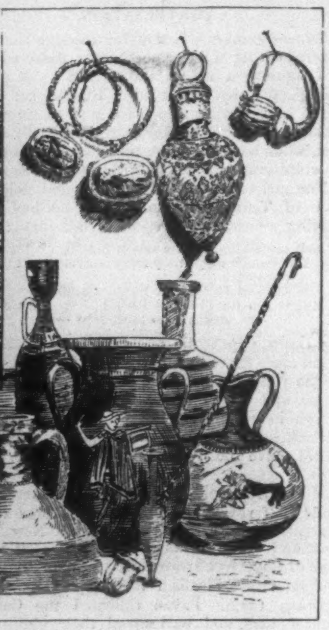
UNDER the direction of **MAX OHNEFALSCH RICHTER**, consulting archæologist of the Cyprus Museum, new researches have been recently made at Poli-tis-Chrysokhon, and many remarkable objects have been found. Situated between Europe, Africa, and Asia, Cyprus felt the art influences of three distinct civilizations, and originated nothing of her own. The Cypriote might have been imitative, but he was nothing more. The most important discoveries made by Herr **RICHTER** are Greek antiquities, showing that as far back as the sixth and seventh centuries before Christ there must have been continuous communication between Greece and Cyprus. The objects discovered by Herr **RICHTER** consist of amphoræ, lamps, cups, vessels of various forms, platters, masks, heads in marble and terra-cotta, figurines, bronzes, dirks, arrow-heads, a sickle, rings, ear-rings, bracelets, amulets, various pieces in jewelry, with scarabæi and carved stones. The larger proportion of these relics come from tombs, and were deposited with the remains of the dead. It was the belief in a future state which moved the old Cypriote to place alongside of the departed offerings which might either propitiate the deities of another world, or might be of use to the dead if perchance he came to life again.



A DRINKING-CUP.



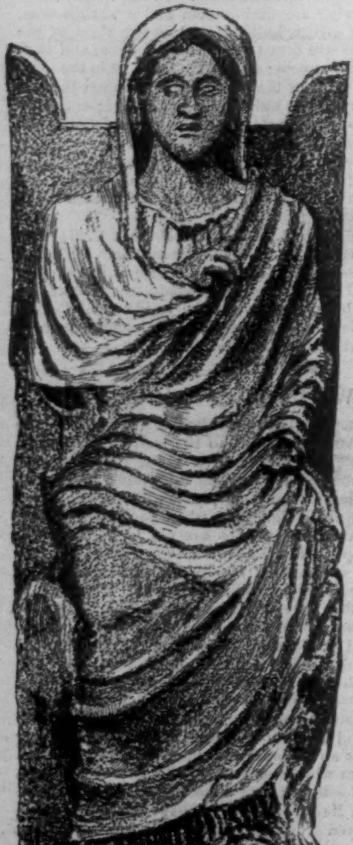
NECROPOLIS No. 3—THE SITE OF THE EXCAVATIONS.



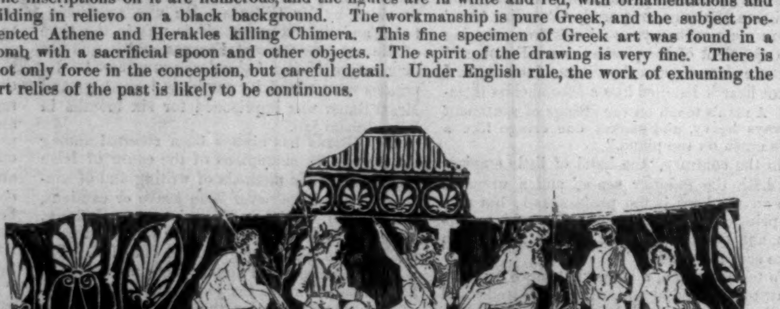
AMPHORÆ AND JEWELRY.

Among the illustrations various objects reproduced are careful copies from photographs taken by Herr **RICHTER**. In the centre is the site of the necropolis, where the excavations are being made today. It is shaded by magnificent oak-trees. The sparse tourists who visit Cyprus are always attracted by these searches for the treasures of the past, and last year a visit was paid Herr **RICHTER** by Sir **HENRY BULWER**. The two figures on the right and left hand of the page at the bottom are of terra-cotta, and are 2 feet 7 inches in height. Herr **RICHTER**, having found one of these two statuettes during an early exploration, became convinced of the necessity of making further researches in the same locality, and this led him to the discovery of the earliest known site of Greek civilization in Cyprus. There can be no doubt but that these two statuettes represent the costume worn by the women of an early date, and that the heads are modelled after life. Many varieties of drinking-cups have been found, and the one shown, terminating with a ram's head, conveys a good idea of the strength and power of design of the artists of that day. To the right are ear-rings, an amulet, and various small articles in pottery. Some of the rings found by Herr **RICHTER** are in the best style of early Greek workmanship. One of them has an engraved stone showing a man riding a deer. Before the finding of this stone Herr **RICHTER** states that no instance was known of the deer being represented in Greek art. In some of the tombs the jewelry is of a later date, and thought to be of about the time of **ALEXANDER** the Great. One very charming piece of personal ornamentation is a golden pelican, fashioned for an ear-ring, where the bird holds its head under its wing. There are some few objects in silver, but such relics are very rare, because silver is so perishable that few silver ornaments have come down in good order to our times. The gold necklace with its many pendants, on the top of the page of illustrations, shows how prolific was the fancy of the jeweller of 2200 years ago.

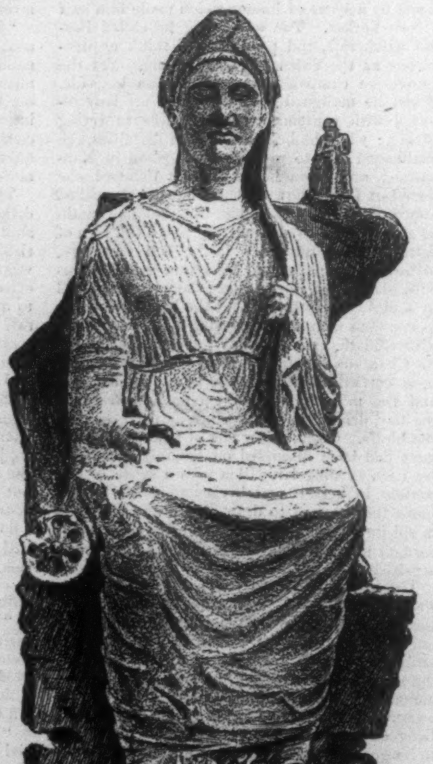
On the extreme right of the page at the top is a terra-cotta figure which must be a portrait of the period. The whole treatment of the subject is a perfectly natural one: a woman in contemplation, who rests her head on her hand. At the left is the head of a goddess with a classical head-dress. In profile the face shows a Greek type, considerably modified, however, under Cypriote influences. At the foot of the page the design on an aryballos is represented. This is now in the British Museum. The inscriptions on it are numerous, and the figures are in white and red, with ornamentations and gilding in relievo on a black background. The workmanship is pure Greek, and the subject presented Athene and Herakles killing Chimera. This fine specimen of Greek art was found in a tomb with a sacrificial spoon and other objects. The spirit of the drawing is very fine. There is not only force in the conception, but careful detail. Under English rule, the work of exhuming the art relics of the past is likely to be continuous.



TERRA-COTTA FIGURE OF ISLAND WORKMANSHIP.

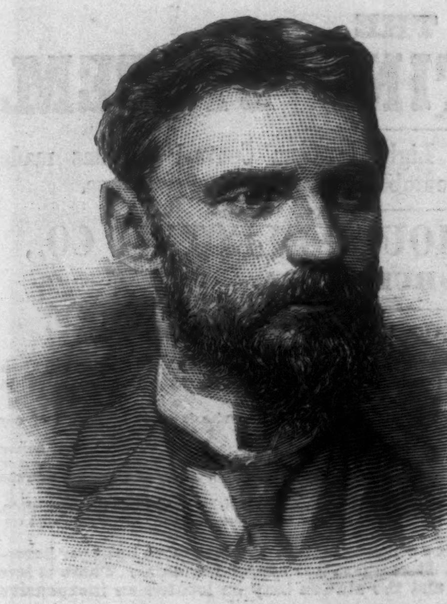


ORNAMENTATION ON AN ARYBALLOS.

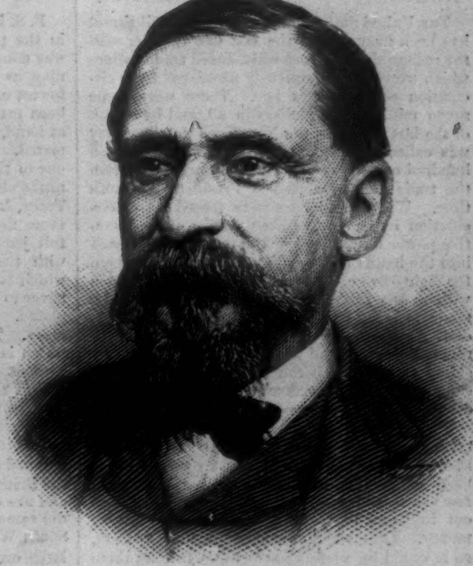


TERRA-COTTA FIGURE OF ISLAND WORKMANSHIP.

RECENT DISCOVERIES IN CYPRUS.—DRAWN BY LOUIS JOUTEL AFTER PHOTOGRAPHS.



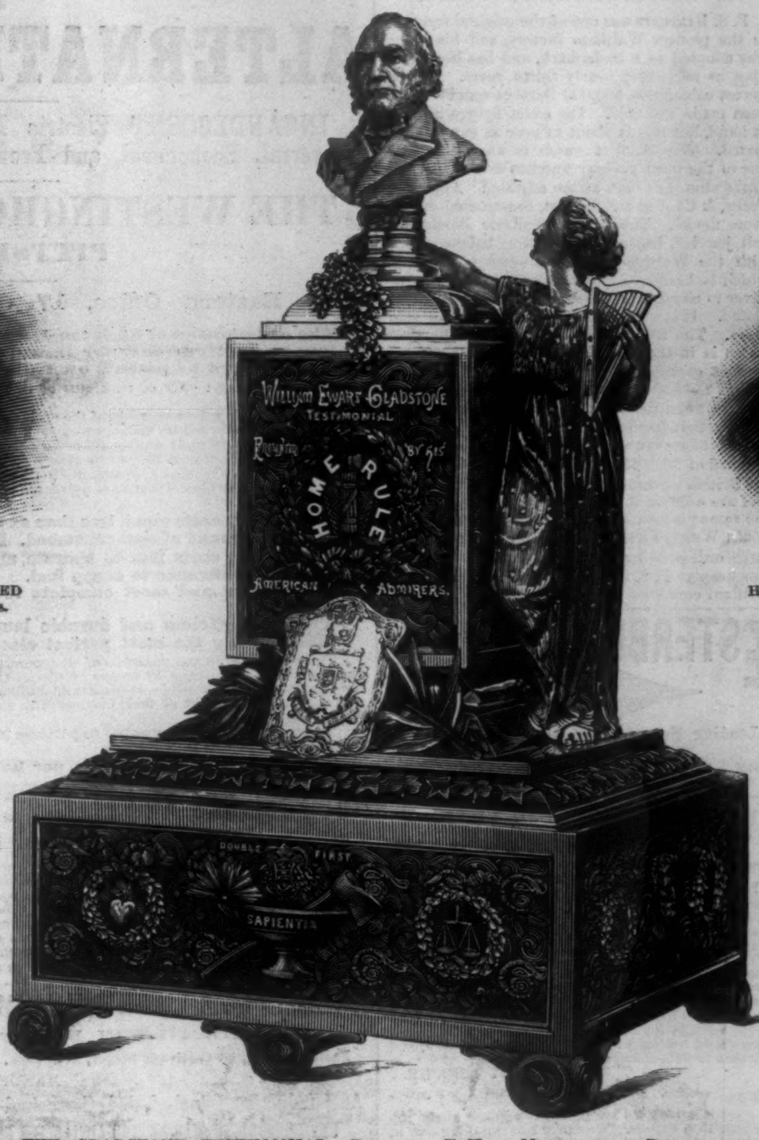
MR. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, EDITOR OF "UNITED IRELAND."—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDERICKS. [SEE PAGE 407.]



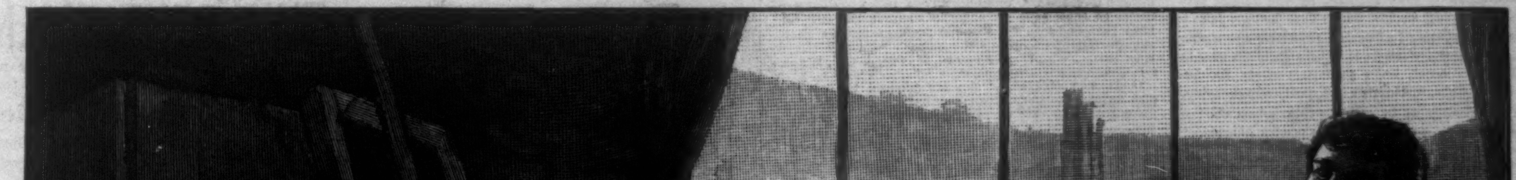
HON. SAMUEL PASCO, SENATOR-ELECT FROM FLORIDA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY N. E. McLEOD.—[SEE PAGE 406.]

THE GLADSTONE MEMORIAL.

THE testimonial prepared by American admirers of Mr. GLADSTONE, to typify their appreciation of what he has done for Ireland, is a large and ornate piece of sterling silver. Three feet in height, and nearly two feet (twenty-two inches) in greatest breadth, it comprises a bust of GLADSTONE—a felicitous likeness—resting on a square base, while the latter in turn rests on an oblong pedestal. Standing on this pedestal, a female figure in a star-spangled robe, holding in her left hand the Irish harp, throws with the right a mass of shamrock around the base of the bust. The front face of the base has in its centre, in block letters, the words "Home Rule" surrounding fasces and scales—emblems of authority and justice—and themselves encircled by a laurel wreath. On this same face is the inscription, "WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE Testimonial, Presented by his American Admirers." On the rear face of the base is the date, 1887; on the face opposite to the female figure a large laurel wreath. Between this base and the oblong part of the pedestal, below the inscription, a shield with the GLADSTONE coat of arms rests against a palm branch of triumph. Below is a border of stars and shamrocks alternating on stripes. The pedestal rests on six supports of Celtic design, the background of the base, and indeed of the whole piece, being also of Celtic character and ornament. The front face of the pedestal in the centre shows the lamp of knowledge, with "Sapientia" engraved on it, and also an axe, denoting the favorite exercise of the statesman at Hawarden. A heart on one side and scales on the other indicate kindness and love of justice, while above the harp the coat of arms of Christ Church College and the words "Double First" record GLADSTONE'S securing first place both in classics and mathematics as a student at Oxford. On the rear face of the pedestal are the rose, the shamrock, and the thistle, while the head of Homer on one of the side faces suggests GLADSTONE'S classical learning, and that of Demosthenes on the other his oratorical power. The work was designed by Mr. WHITEHOUSE, of TIFFANY'S, and executed under the supervision of Mr. DUFFY, the testimonial fund amounting to about $3500. The committee are C. C. SHAYNE, R. M. WALTERS, E. B. HARPER, J. S. COLEMAN, G. F. POTTER, J. H. STARIN, J. R. O'BEIRNE, L. D. GALLISON, L. REICH, and E. WIMAN. Messrs. STARIN and WIMAN gave benefits for the fund.



THE GLADSTONE TESTIMONIAL.—DRAWN BY F. V. DU MOND AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH.



A BOHEMIAN DINNER PARTY.—DRAWN BY J. MACDONALD.—[SEE PAGE 407.]

REDEEMING TRADE DOLLARS.

The United States Sub-Treasury in Wall Street has been busy during the last two months with the redemption of those white-faced trade dollars which were so ignominiously dismissed from circulation several years ago. There were some seven million trade dollars in all, and by an act of the last Congress the New York Sub-Treasury was called upon to redeem the entire lot at one hundred cents apiece. The movement to redeem the trade dollars started in President Arthur's time. When the dollars were forced out of circulation by an interesting exercise of co-operative power on the part of the public, they passed into the hands of speculators, who bought them for eighty-five cents each, or less, and held them with a fine faith in what the future could be made to bring forth. At one time, under President Arthur, their speculative value ran up to ninety-five cents, and at another time, under President Cleveland, it ran down to seventy-seven cents. Their final redemption at one hundred cents leaves a fairly good profit to the holders.

Three or four millions of the outcasts have returned and have been redeemed so far. Nobody knows, of course, when the last one will have been gathered into the Sub-Treasury. Not a few are in China, where square holes have been cut in them to make them resemble Chinese money. These the Sub-Treasury will not redeem, so it would be useless for any one to send them over here. In fact, no trade dollar is redeemed which is mutilated, and it is because mutilated specimens must be looked out for that the redemption of the outcasts is attended with so much labor. Each one of the three or four millions which have come in has been handled separately. The Sub-Treasury melts the trade dollars up for the silver which is in them—there is considerably less than a dollar's worth in each—and the government pockets the loss.

Doubtless a good many persons wonder how many dollars there are in the Sub-Treasury. There are about one hundred and forty million. Leading to the vaults in which this treasure is stored are two steel doors which have such an appearance of strength that one would think that thousand-ton trip-hammers could not prevail against them. One of these doors is behind the other, and to reach the vaults it is necessary to pass through both. It is a rule which has never been violated that the two doors shall never be opened at the same time. Even the Secretary of the Treasury, when he goes into the vaults, must wait for one of the steel barricades to swing to and be bolted and locked behind him before the other is opened for his advance. The roof of the Sub-Treasury also has apparatus for the protection of the gold and silver which are below. It is armed with Gatling-guns and repeating rifles.

DISEASE AND DEATH

Force their way into many a household that might be protected from their inroads, by the simple precaution of keeping in the house that benign family medicine and safeguard of health, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Particularly where there are children should it be kept on hand, as a prompt remedy for infantile complaints, in their outset easily conquerable, but which, if allowed to engraft themselves on the delicate childish organism, are not easily dislodged, and speedily work grievous mischief. Irregularity of the bowels, indigestion and biliousness, are ailments of common occurrence in the household. Children living in malarious regions are more liable to be attacked with chills and fever than adults, and the ravages of that fell disease in their system are speedier and more serious. In remote localities, far from professional aid, it is especially desirable.—[*Adv.*]

THE KENSINGTON, SARATOGA SPRINGS.

A new and elegant hotel, overlooking Congress Park, facing the drive to Saratoga Lake; elevator and all the conveniences of the best hotels; luxuriously furnished; suites for families with private bath-room; pure water from artesian wells; parlor orchestra. Open June 18. Prices:—By the day, $4; by the week, $21 to $25. Proprietor: Paul C. Grening; apply till June 1, at 229 Broadway, room 18, or 420 Gates Avenue, Brooklyn.—[*Adv.*]

CURE FOR THE DEAF.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums Perfectly Restore the Hearing and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable, and always in position. All conversation, and even whispers, heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials, Free. F. Hiscox, 853 B'way, N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

No well-regulated household should be without a bottle of Angostura Bitters, the world-renowned appetizer and invigorator. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S

Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa,* from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

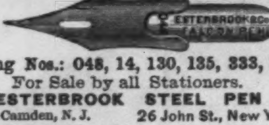
Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

A WATCHMAKER'S FAME.

P. S. Bartlett was one of the original foremen in the pioneer Waltham factory, and his name was adopted as a trade-mark, and has been running as such very nearly thirty years. At the lowest calculation 500,000 Bartlett watches have been made and sold. The exact figures are not at hand, but this is about as near as can be estimated. The Bartlett watch is unquestionably one of the most popular watches ever made. It ranks almost as high as the adjusted "Appleton, Tracy, & Co.," and is, in fact, constructed on the same model. The patent regulator Bartlett is full jeweled, has a compensating balance fitted with the Waltham patent Breguet hair-spring, which is hardened and tempered in form so as never to change its curve, and is very closely regulated. It is made for any kind of silver or gold cases. The latest improvement in the Bartlett watch is in the open-face style to wind and set without ever opening the case, the winding as well as the hand-setting being done by the crown only. Unlike the arrangements in other watches, this Bartlett hand-set is in the neck of the case, so that it does not at all complicate the movement. Upward of 2000 of them have been purchased by the British Government during the past ten years, and are used on the state railways in India. For the same purpose the colonial authorities of New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia have large orders in hand. Through these excellent timekeepers P. S. Bartlett's name is known in all civilized countries.—*N. Y. Jeweler's Weekly.*

ESTERBROOK'S STEEL PENS.



Leading Nos.: 048, 14, 130, 135, 333, 161.

For Sale by all Stationers.

THE ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO.,

Works: Camden, N. J. 26 John St., New York.

ITCHING FIVE LONG YEARS.

New Bloomfield, Miss., Jan. 2, 1886.

Hop Bitters Co.:

I wish to say to you that I have been suffering for the last five years with a severe itching all over. I have heard of Hop Bitters and have tried it. I have used up four bottles, and it has done me more good than all the doctors and medicines that they could use on or with me. I am old and poor, but feel to bless you for such a relief from your medicine and torment of the doctors. I have had fifteen doctors at me. One gave me seven ounces of solution of arsenic; another took four quarts of blood from me. All they could tell was that it was skin sickness. Now, after these four bottles of your medicine, I am well, and my skin is well, clean, and smooth as ever.

HENRY KNOCHE.

Good Words—From Good Authority.— * * * We confess that we are perfectly amazed at the run of your Hop Bitters. We never had anything like it, and never heard of the like. The writer (Benton) has been selling drugs here nearly thirty years, and has seen the rise of Hostetter's, Vinegar, and all other bitters and patent medicines, but never did any of them, in their best days, begin to have the run that Hop Bitters have. * * We can't get enough of them. We are out of them half the time. * * From letter to Hop Bitters Co., from Benton, Myers, & Co., Wholesale Druggists, Cleveland, O.

Good for Babies.—"We are pleased to say that our baby was permanently cured of a serious protracted irregularity of the bowels by the use of Hop Bitters by its mother, which at the same time restored her to perfect health and strength."—The Parents.

MISERABLENESS.

The most wonderful and marvellous success, in cases where persons are sick or pining away from a condition of miserableness that no one knows what ails them (profitable patients for doctors), is obtained by the use of Hop Bitters. They begin to cure from the first dose, and keep it up until perfect health and strength is restored.

WICKED FOR CLERGYMEN.

"I believe it to be all wrong and even wicked for clergymen or other public men to be led into giving testimonials to quack doctors or vile stuffs called medicines, but when a really meritorious article is made up of common valuable remedies known to all, and that all physicians use and trust in daily, we should freely commend it. I therefore cheerfully and heartily commend Hop Bitters for the good they have done me and my friends, firmly believing they have no equal for family use. I will not be without them."—Rev. E. R. Warren, Scipio, N. Y.

A Good Account.—"To sum it up, six long years of bedridden sickness and suffering, costing $200 per year, total $1200, all of which was stopped by three bottles of Hop Bitters taken by my wife, who has done her own housework for a year since without the loss of a day, and I want everybody to know it for their benefit."—John Weeks, Butler.

Never Forget This.

If you are sick Hop Bitters will surely aid Nature in making you well when all else fails.

If you are costive or dyspeptic, or are suffering from any other of the numerous diseases of the stomach or bowels, it is your own fault if you remain ill, for Hop Bitters is a sovereign remedy in all such complaints.

If you are wasting away with any form of Kidney disease, stop tempting Death this moment, and turn for a cure to Hop Bitters.

If you are nervous use Hop Bitters.

If you are a frequenter, or a resident, of a miasmatic district, barricade your system against the scourge of all countries—malarial, epidemic, bilious, and intermittent fevers—by the use of Hop Bitters.

If you have rough, pimply, or sallow skin, bad breath, pains and aches, and feel miserable generally, Hop Bitters will give you fair skin, rich blood, and sweetest breath and health.

That poor, bedridden, invalid wife, sister, mother, or daughter can be made the picture of health with Hop Bitters, costing but a trifle. Will you let them suffer?

In short, they cure all Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Nerves, Kidneys, Bright's Disease. $1000 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help.

WANTED.—*Harper's Weekly* 1861 to 1865, or a complete set to date. McDonnell Bros., Chicago.

THE

ALTERNATING SYSTEM.

INCANDESCENT Electric Lighting from Central Stations made Universal, Economical, and Profitable, irrespective of distance.

THE WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC CO.,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Eastern Office, 17 Cortlandt St., New York.

The distribution of high tension alternating currents and their reconversion to low tension currents for incandescent lighting and running of motors, is broadly covered by patents owned by this Company.

The unauthorized offer of apparatus of this character by other companies is an infringement of our patent rights.

Notwithstanding the ownership of the exclusive right to furnish this system, The Westinghouse Electric Company proposes to sell its apparatus on such terms and for such low prices, that no intending purchaser or user can afford to entertain a proposition for alternating current apparatus from others at any price, with the attendant risk following the infringement of its rights.

This is the only method of electrical distribution avoiding complicated wiring, feeders, feeder regulators, and numerous other details that have prevented commercial success heretofore, and the only system that can displace gas.

This system costs much less than any other to install. It gives more light per horse-power or per pound of coal consumed. It requires less copper for mains. There is less risk of fire. It costs less to operate, and the station may be located on inexpensive ground with reference to cheap fuel.

The largest and most complete manufactory of electric lighting machinery in the country.

The most efficient and durable lamps in the market.

Mechanically the most perfect electrical machinery ever produced.

The workmanship and materials of all apparatus supplied are of the best. The prices are based upon production in large quantities by means of special tools and machinery; and the elimination of all extraneous charges, such as commissions, stock considerations, and onerous conditions exacted by other companies, and which have placed many of their customers in such a position that improvements offered by others cannot be availed of.

No licensee is bound by contract to purchase longer from The Westinghouse Electric Company than the merits of its apparatus fully justifies.

Ten 50 volt, 16 c. p. lamps, per horse-power, guaranteed.

THE FUEL-GAS AND ELECTRIC ENGINEERING COMPANY, LIMITED,

Hamilton Building, Pittsburgh, Pa. Eastern Office, 17 Cortlandt St., New York,

Has acquired the numerous inventions which have rendered the distribution of natural gas safe and profitable, and it has a process and apparatus now being protected by a series of patents for manufacturing a cheap fuel-gas, which meets all the requirements, and will displace the use of coal for domestic purposes.

The Fuel-Gas and Electric Engineering Company, Limited, operating in conjunction with The Westinghouse Electric Company and the Standard Underground Cable Company, proposes to make electric lighting profitable to gas companies, by enabling them to use a part or the whole of their existing gas plants for the manufacture and distribution of fuel-gas, thus promoting a new and profitable business instead of rendering valueless large investments that have already been made in illuminating gas plants.

THE STANDARD UNDERGROUND CABLE COMPANY,

HAMILTON BUILDING, PITTSBURGH, PA.

Eastern Office, 16 Cortlandt Street, New York. **Western Office, 139 E. Madison St., Chicago.**

MANUFACTURERS OF

Anti-Induction, Bunched, and Compound Cables, and Insulated Wire of all descriptions.

UNDERGROUND, SUBMARINE, AND AERIAL, FOR ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER, TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONE.

Warranted for Either High or Low Tension Currents.

TWO GENTLEMEN

whose names are familiar to every American have recently written us, speaking in the highest terms of

Williams' Shaving Stick.

Unequalled in richness of lather and delicacy of perfume. Each Stick in a neat, turned-wood case, covered with dark red morocco leatherette.

Ask your Druggist for it, or send 25 cents in Stamps, for which we will send it, postpaid, to any address. Address,

The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Ct.
For 50 years Mfrs. of Yankee Shaving Soap.

REGISTERED **"SANITAS"** TRADEMARK

Nature's Disinfectant.

THE PINE FOREST at HOME.

Should be in Every Household.

100,000 LIVES

ANNUALLY LOST IN THE UNITED STATES,

from Scarlet Fever, Small Pox, Malaria, Dysentery, Enteric Fever, Measles, Diphtheria, Whooping Cough and Diarrhœa, can be saved by the regular use in every household of

"SANITAS," THE BEST DISINFECTANT,

which is colorless, non-poisonous, does not stain linen and is fragrant.

"Actuated by the same impulse which makes us turn our faces towards a fresh breeze" we "grasp a bottle of '**Sanitas**' in a sick room."—Annie Thomas in "Eyre of Blendon."

"SANITAS" FLUID, OIL, POWDER, SOAPS, &c.
40 Cents each Preparation.

To be had of all Druggists, and of the

American & Continental "Sanitas" Co.,
(Limited.)
636-642 West 55th Street, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED (Samples FREE) for **DR. SCOTT'S** beautiful **ELECTRIC CORSETS, BRUSHES, BELTS,** Etc. No risk, quick sales. Territory given, satisfaction guaranteed. **Dr. SCOTT, 843 B'way, N. Y.**

$5 to $8 a day. Samples worth $1.50, FREE. Lines not under the horses' feet. Write Brewster's Safety Rein Holder Co., **Holly, Mich.**

TRADE **S.S.S.** MARK

Mr. J. T. Groves, Editor of Jacksonville (Fla.), *Herald*, says: "S. S. S. has cured me of sciatic rheumatism of three years' standing."

Mr. M. T. Lamar, of Montgomery, Ala., says: "After suffering for 25 years with inflammatory rheumatism, $16 worth of S. S. S. cured me completely."

Mrs. C. A. Baily, of 17½ Blackstone St., Boston, Mass., says: "S. S. S. has cured me of Black Leprosy after being given up to die by physicians."

Mr. L. T. Clark, of 345 West 12th St., N. Y. City, says: "S. S. S. cured me of lung trouble which everybody called consumption."

Books on "Contagious Blood Poison" and on "Blood and Skin Diseases" mailed free.

For sale by all druggists.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.
London Office: 35 Snow Hill, E. C.

"WHAT TO DO"

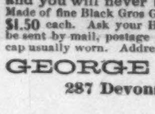
An elegant 64 page book carefully compiled, illustrated, containing description and correct rules of a large number of games suitable for parlor or lawn, sent post-paid upon receipt of eight cents in stamps. Address **C. H. WARREN**, Gen. Pass. Agent,
St. Paul, Minnesota.

HIRES' IMPROVED ROOT BEER 25 Cents PACKAGE

Makes **Five Gallons** of a **delicious**, sparkling temperance beverage. **Strengthens** and purifies the blood. Its **purity** and delicacy commend it to all. Sold by druggists and storekeepers everywhere.

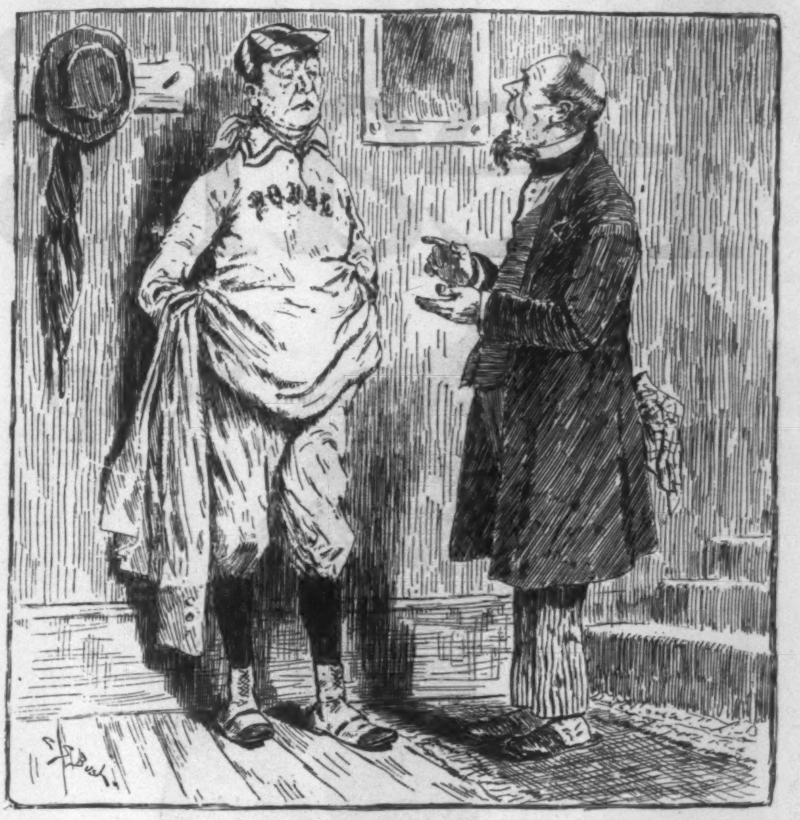
SNOW'S

Traveler's Cap and Head-Rest Combined.



THE combination of a PILLOW within a TRAVELER'S CAP is a decided novelty, and something that cannot fail to be appreciated. Although to external appearances like other silk caps, it has concealed within its lining an air cushion, which may be inflated at will, thus forming a soft head-rest which enables one to lean comfortably against any hard substance. The pad, when exhausted of air, adds but a trifle to the bulk of the cap. **Give them a trial, and you will never be without one when traveling.** Made of fine Black Gros Grain Silk, with Satin Lining. All sizes, $1.50 each. Ask your Hatter for them. If not found, they will be sent by mail, postage prepaid, on receipt of price. State size cap usually worn. Address the Manufacturers,

GEORGE FROST & CO.
287 Devonshire Street, Boston.



OFF HIS BASE.

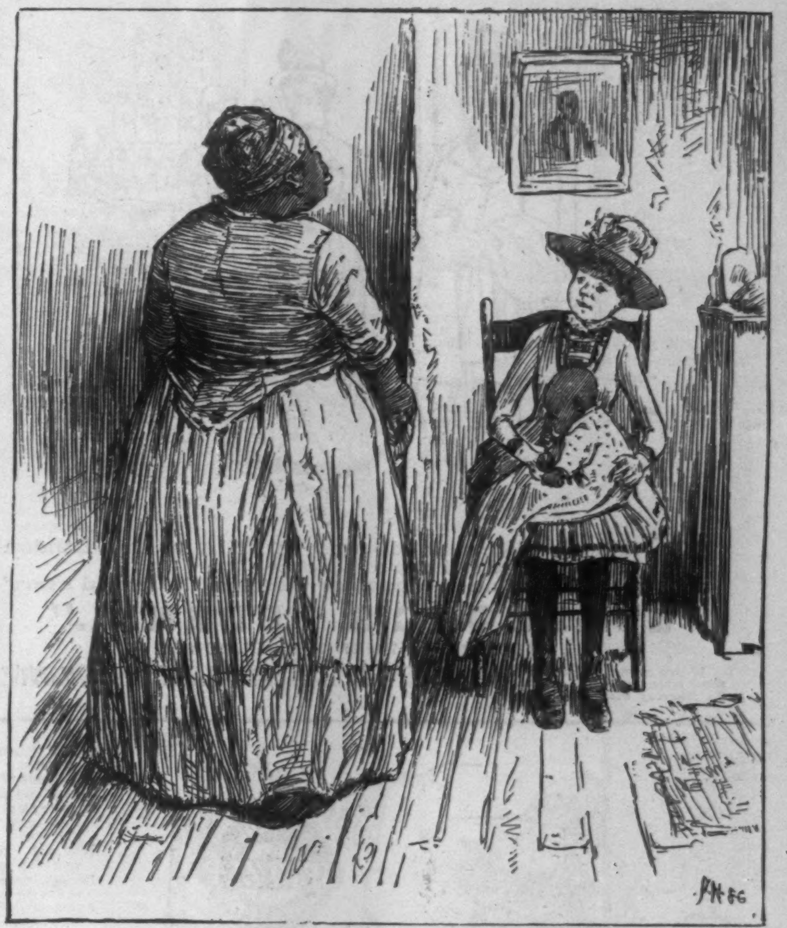
"My son, I am extremely mortified concerning a report I hear of you among your fellow-students at college, especially after the teachings and example it has ever been my endeavor to promulgate."

"What's the racket now, governor?"

"Why, I hear you spoken of as being a *smorter* at stealing—"

"Stealing?"

"Yes, stealing—bases. Put 'em back, Horatio, put 'em back; remember, 'Thou shalt not steal.'"



A CAUTIOUS FORECAST.

"Aunt Rachel, will the baby's hair be curly?"

"Why, chile, how kin I tell, when it ain't got a hàh on its head yit. May be aubahn fa'll I knows. Be keerful an' keep yo' han' up to its back, honey."

Experience of an Ex-Champion.

Athletes and men who take ordinary out-door exercise, such as walking, running, bicycle riding, jumping, swimming, tennis, etc., are often the subjects of acute troubles. The experience of an ex-champion walker will be of interest to all who are afflicted. Read the following letter:

324 East Nineteenth Street,
New York, April 2, 1886.

Numerous statements relative to the merits of different plasters having been brought to my attention, I take this opportunity to state that I have used Allcock's Porous Plasters for over 20 years, and prefer them to any other kind.
Harry Brooks.

Do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for Allcock's, and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

GREENWAY'S INDIA PALE ALE
IN GLASS OR WOOD. FULLY EQUAL TO THE BEST IMPORTED
RECOMMENDED BY OUR BEST PHYSICIANS.
FOR FAMILY OR CLUB USE.
ENGLISH. TRADE MARK.
FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST CLASS GROCERS & DEALERS.
THE GREENWAY BREWING CO. SYRACUSE N.Y.
SEND FOR CIRCULARS.

STATEN ISLAND
Fancy Dyeing Establishment,
BARRETT, NEPHEWS, & CO.,
5 AND 7 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.
DYE, CLEAN, and REFINISH DRESS GOODS and Garments without ripping. Send for Circular and Price-list.

LEGS & ARMS,
(ARTIFICIAL)
WITH RUBBER HANDS AND FEET.
The Most Natural, Comfortable & Durable,
Thousands in Daily Use.
New Patents & Important Improvements.
U. S. Gov't Manufacturer.
Ill. Pamphlet of 160 Pages SENT FREE.
A. A. MARKS,
701 Broadway, New York City.

BROWN BROTHERS & CO.,
59 WALL STREET, N. Y.
Bills of Exchange, Commercial and Travellers' Credits available in any part of the world.
Collection in all foreign countries.

Cuticura
A POSITIVE CURE for every form of Skin and Blood Disease from PIMPLES to SCROFULA.

SKIN TORTURES OF A LIFETIME INSTANTLY relieved by a warm bath with Cuticura Soap, a real Skin beautifier, and a single application of Cuticura, the great Skin Cure.

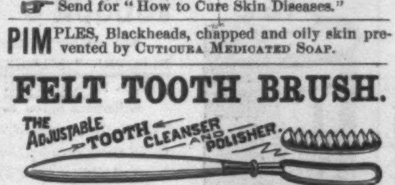
This repeated daily, with two or three doses of Cuticura Resolvent, the New Blood Purifier, to keep the blood cool, the perspiration pure and unirritating, the bowels open, the liver and kidneys active, will speedily cure

Eczema, tetter, ringworm, psoriasis, lichen, pruritus, scall head, dandruff, and every species of torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin and scalp, with loss of hair, when physicians and all known remedies fail.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50c.; Soap, 25c.; Resolvent, $1. Prepared by the Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston, Mass.

☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

PIMPLES, Blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by Cuticura Medicated Soap.

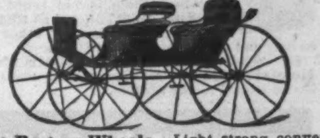


FELT TOOTH BRUSH.
THE ADJUSTABLE TOOTH CLEANSER AND POLISHER.

Having all the advantages of the old bristle Tooth Brush and the following advantages over same:

More Cleanly—Perfect Polisher—No Loose Bristles—Non-Irritating to the Gums—Powdered Ready for Use—Endorsed by the Profession.

For sale by all dealers in toilet articles, or by mail for 60c. by THE HORSEY M'F'G CO., Utica, N. Y.



THE BRADLEY HANDY SURREY

The Best on Wheels. Light, strong, convenient and low priced. Handy to get into and out of. Handy for single horse or pair. Handy for one person or more. Handy to load or unload. *Send for Free Circular, "How to purchase direct from the manufacturer."*

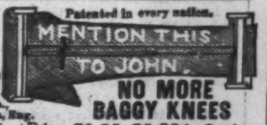
BRADLEY & CO. SYRACUSE, N. Y.
63 Murray St., New York.
32 S. Market St. Boston.

EUROPEAN GUIDE-BOOKS
For 1887.
By W. PEMBROKE FETRIDGE.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL BY
CHARLES T. DILLINGHAM,
678 BROADWAY, N. Y.
No American is fully equipped for travel in Europe without this hand-book.—*Phila. North American.*

Cheshire Watches

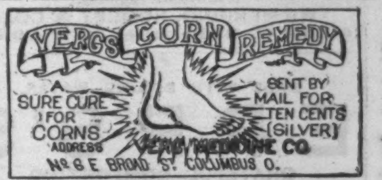
Are low in price, but as time-keepers they rank with the most expensive watches made. This is no fiction, but an actual fact, which can be demonstrated by any one who will invest a few dollars in a meritorious article, on our guarantee of satisfaction in every instance. Thousands of these watches have been sold to practical watchmakers and jewelers all over the country, and have met with their unqualified endorsement. Ask your dealer for Cheshire watches, either in nickel or gold-filled cases. If he does not have them in stock, write to us and we will tell you how they can be obtained.

The Cheshire Watch Co.,
Cheshire, Conn.



MENTION THIS TO JOHN.

"ENGLISH TROUSERS' STRETCHER"
Green, Cadbury & Co., Patentees and Manufrs, Eng.
Patented in every nation.
NO MORE BAGGY KNEES
Its use makes Old Trousers appear new.
Price $1.75, $5.00 for 3 pairs.
By mail 2.00, 5.50 for 3 pairs.
E. O. THOMPSON, 1338 Chestnut St., Philada. 245 Broadway, N. Y.



YERGS CORN REMEDY
A SURE CURE FOR CORNS
SENT BY MAIL FOR TEN CENTS (SILVER)
ADDRESS YERG MEDICINE CO
No 6 E BROAD ST. COLUMBUS O.

WILBUR'S COCOA-THETA
The finest Powdered Chocolate for family use. Requires no boiling. Invaluable for Dyspeptics and Children. ☞ *Buy of your dealer, or send 10 stamps for trial can.* H. O. WILBUR & SONS, Philadelphia.

SEA-SHORE COTTAGE, for Working Women, at North Long Branch, will open June 15th. Apply at the
Young Women's Christian Association,
No. 7 East 15th St., New York.

Arnold Constable & Co
DRESS FABRICS.
Check and Stripe Melange,
CHEVIOT SUITINGS,
FIGURED ALBATROSS,
CARMELITE SERGES,
for Seaside, Mountain, and Steamer Wear.
PRINTED CHALLIES.
Broadway & 19th st.

The best History of the War that has yet appeared.—Boston Traveller.

HARPER'S WAR VOLUMES

The plates of Harper's Weekly during the War having been destroyed,

HARPER'S
Pictorial History of the Rebellion

Is the only means of obtaining its invaluable historical illustrations. In two splendid folio volumes, same size page as the Weekly, and containing 1000 of its famous War pictures. Price for set, carriage paid, in bevelled cloth, $16; in Half Turkey Morocco, handsome gilt stamp on side and marbled edges, $22; full Morocco, elegant, $35. **To avoid deception see that books bear Harper's name.** Send for Illustrated Circular to

McDONNELL BROS., Publishers,
185 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Of priceless value for preservation.—Boston Advertiser.

NOTICE.—Parties in the vicinity of New York, Detroit, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Kansas City, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and other large cities, can have a set of this book sent to them for examination free of charge. **Agents wanted.** Liberal terms to first-class men. In many parts of the country this book is sold on the **easy-payment plan.**

OLD FASHIONED ROOT BEER! Every person can make this delightful and healthy beverage by using KNAPP'S CONCENTRATED EXTRACT OF ROOTS, which makes the most wholesome and pleasant Summer Drink in use. Sold in bottles at 25 and 50 cents. Manufacturer's sizes, $1.50, $2.50, $4.00, & $8.00. Established 1839. P. B. KNAPP & SONS, New York.